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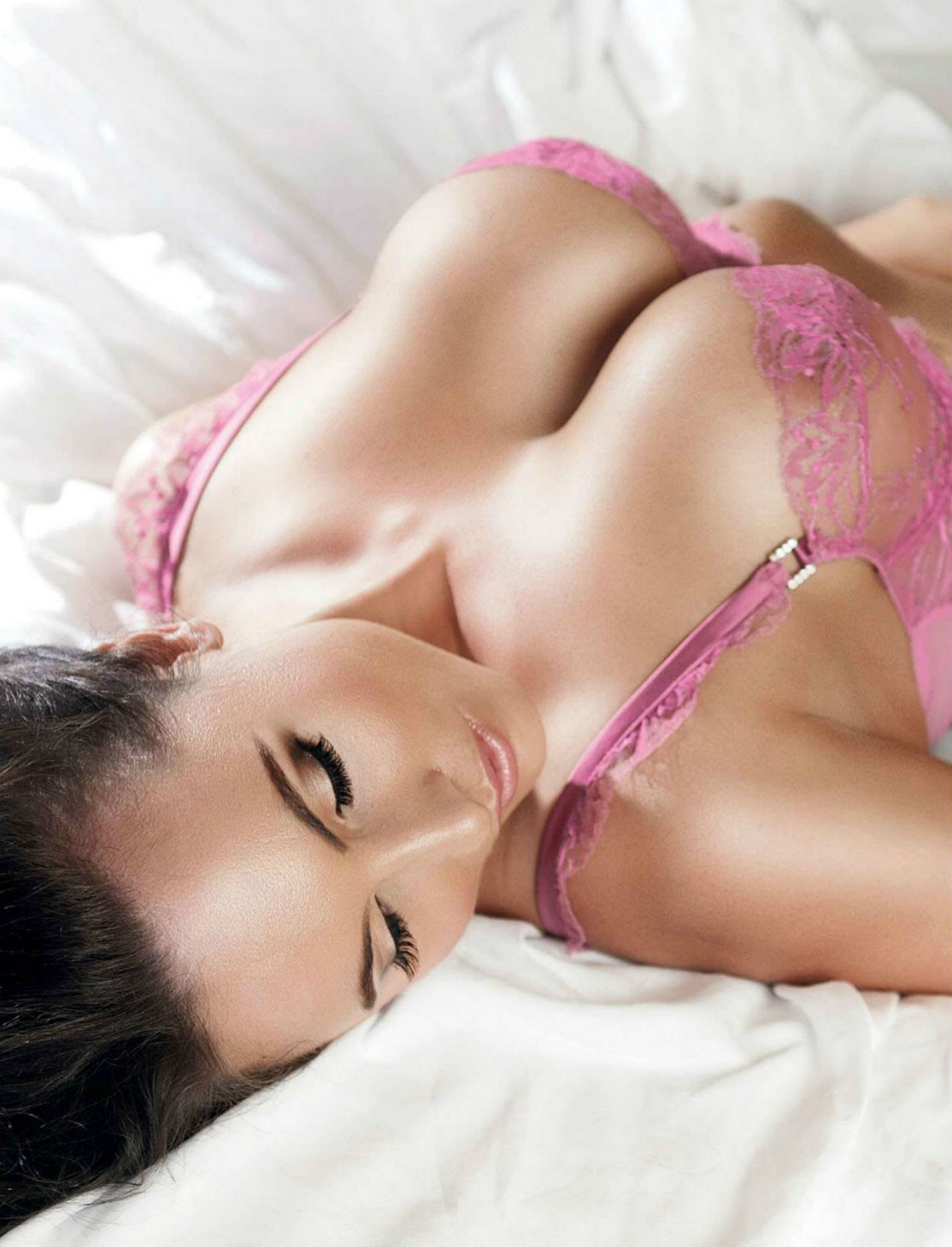


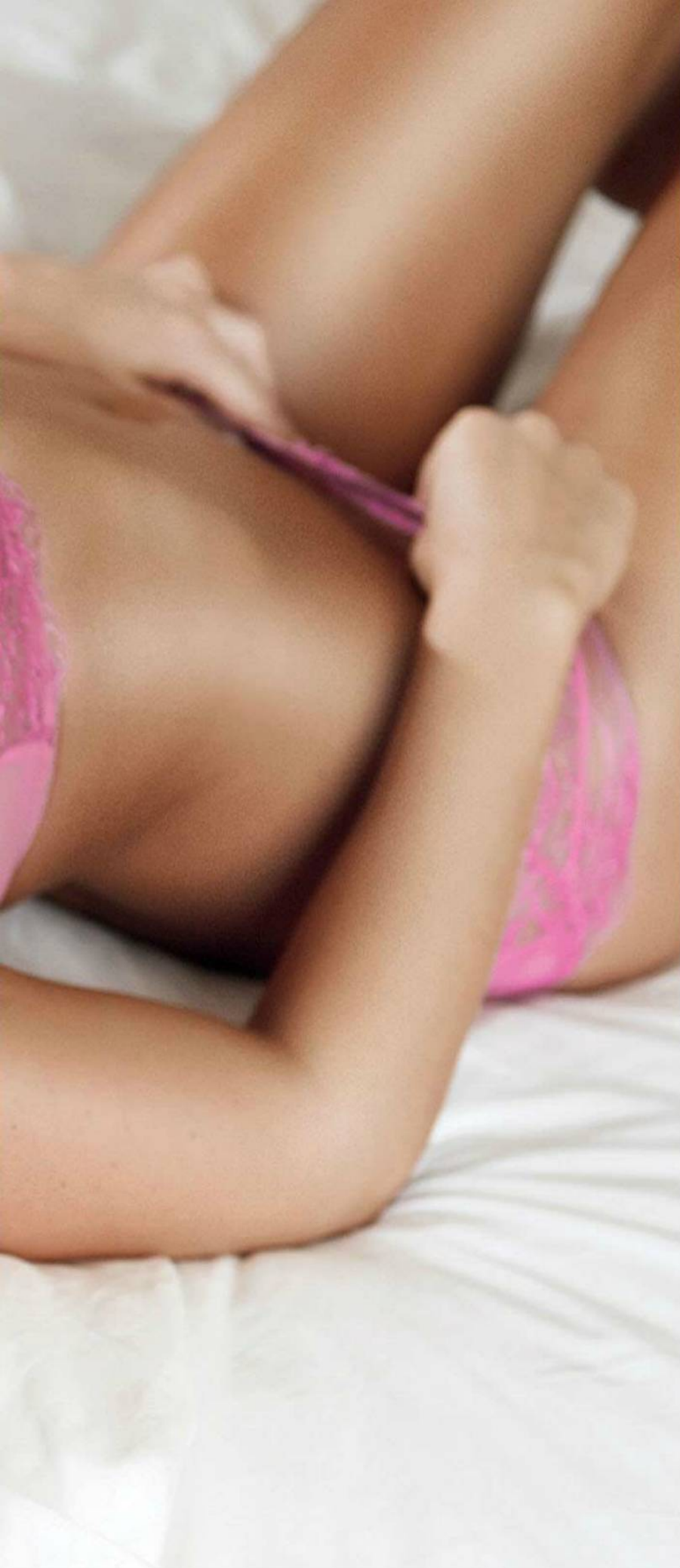
MARIJUANA: INSIDE THE DOPE TRADE
LOUIS CK: THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMEDIAN
ADULT INDUSTRY AWARDS: PORN'S NIGHT OF NIGHTS
CARLTON FOOTBALL CLUB: WHY THEY SUCK

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STRIP TEASE

Amber syn strips by the window...
hoping someone will catch a glimpse



28



67



84



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TOP3 BY DESIGN
PRODUCTS.
SEE PAGE 32



BLACK LABEL

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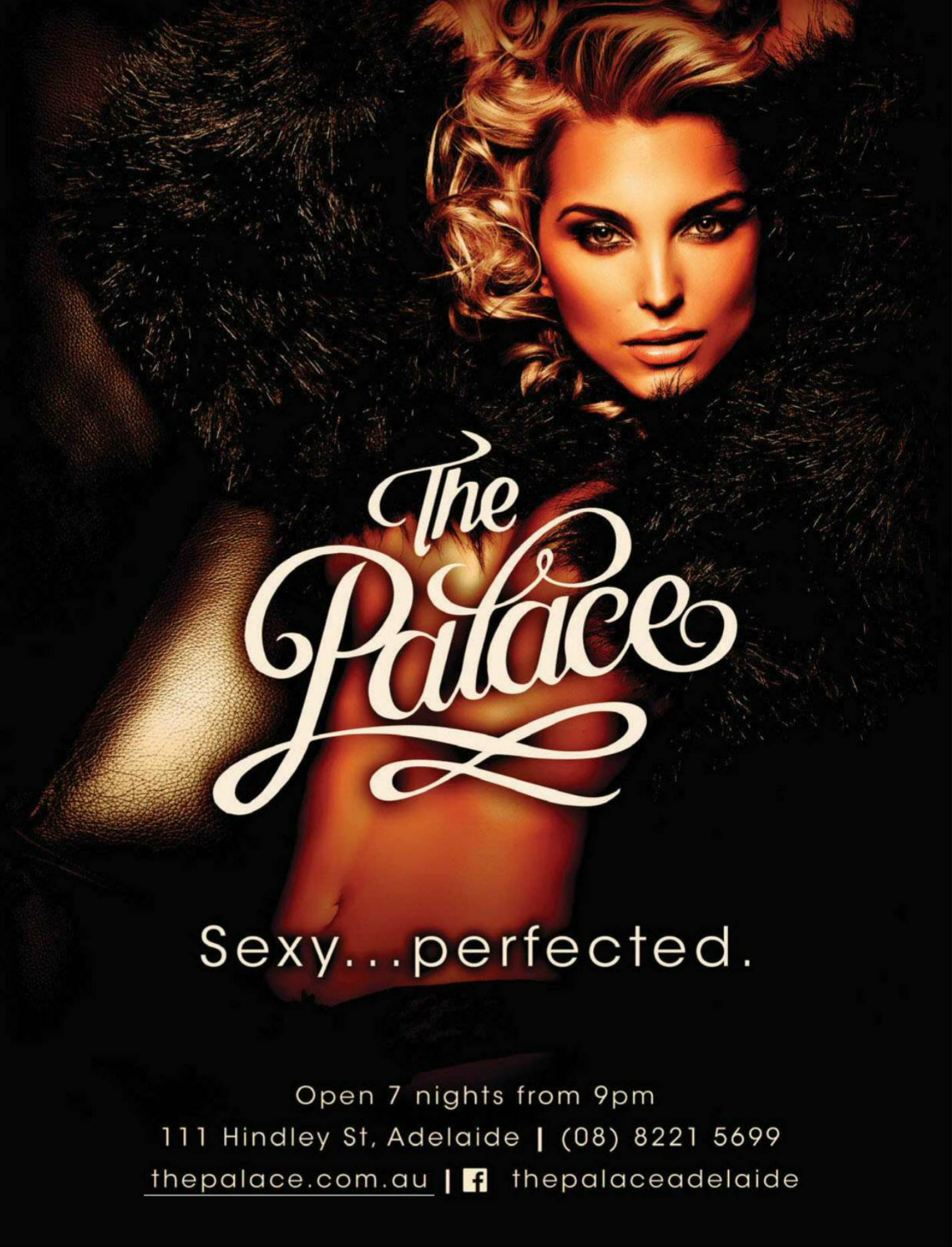
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Jordan doesn't need romancing... just give her a hard cock and she's happy

A close-up portrait of a woman with voluminous, wavy blonde hair. She is wearing a dark, thick fur stole or cape that frames her face. Her expression is serene and elegant. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting her features and the texture of the fur.

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ALL ABOUT THE LADIES

Maaaaaaate. You gentlemen, if that's what you claim to be, have been asking us for more women, and as of this moment, we're giving you exactly what you want. Welcome, my dear friends, to the all-new, all hot Black Label Magazine.

We're talking about the hottest ladies God deemed worthy to be put on this beautiful earth, posing for your pleasure. Of course, we've got some interesting things for you to read, in between the mind-blowing, pants-exploding shoots in these here pages. Louis CK, the worlds greatest comedian, makes an appearance. We have a good shot at explaining the Carlton Football Club's recent woes. We hung around with some marijuana dealers to get the inside dope on the drug-trade.

And we hung out at the Australian Sex Industry's night of nights, the Adult Industry Awards.

But for Black Label, it's really all about the ladies, isn't it. And over the next 114 pages, you will find them engaging in all sorts of sinful activities.

Enjoy it. I know you will.

PATRICK STYLES, EDITOR



EVENT PLANNER

OKTOBERFEST

19 SEPTEMBER -
4 OCTOBER

Munich, Germany

Needs no introduction, frankly. The world's largest and best known festival dedicated almost entirely to drinking beer, Oktoberfest is famous all around the world. The festival runs for 16 larger-soaked days. We're talking an average of eight million litres consumed over the course of the festival.

MELBOURNE FRINGE FESTIVAL

23 SEPTEMBER - 4 OCTOBER

Melbourne

melbournefringe.com.au

The annual Melbourne Fringe Festival is celebrated across Melbourne from mid-September to mid-October. Expect 4,000 artists and nearly 300 shows, from circus to visual arts, cabaret to dance, and theatre to comedy.

ARCHIBALD PRIZE

UNTIL 17 SEPTEMBER

Sydney agnsw.com.au

This year's Archibald prize, without a doubt Australia's most prestigious art prize, went to a fellow who had just gotten out of jail for armed robbery. The portrait was of Charles Waterstreet, an underworld lawyer best-known for his rampant womanising and representing well-known crims like Roger Rogerson. Enough said. Now go get some culture into you. Girls dig it, too.

AFL GRAND FINAL

3 OCTOBER

Melbourne afl.com.au

As long as Hawthorn don't win, we'll be happy. Please, God, don't let those self-aggrandising children of Jeff Kennet get a third in a row. Even if you don't get a ticket to the game itself, being in Melbourne during the Grand Final is something you must experience.

MONSTER JAM

OCTOBER 3, 10, 17, 24

Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney, Perth

monsterjamonline.com.au

Could you name any better activity than sitting in a stadium drinking beer while massive vehicles bash the hell into each other? Thought not. If you don't like monster trucks, you're just no fun at all.

NRL GRAND FINAL

5 OCTOBER

Sydney nrl.com.au

Kick ball. Bash. Big man runs into other big man. Boom. Woosh. Woah. Kaboom! Pow. Bam. Get off the field, idiot! Bash. Kick ball. Kapow. Boom. Grunt. Why do they still have scrums in this game, seriously? Bashpowkaboom. Crowd roars. Bash. "That's bullshit, you're a cheat, ref!" Boom. Crash. Kick ball. Crash boom. Whack. Glory. The NRL grand final has all this and more.

WILLIAM SHATNER

11-17 OCTOBER

Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Sydney, Melbourne

ticketmaster.com.au

This is done under duress. Our publisher is a massive fan of Shatner, and he's forced us to put this in the event planner, under threat of firing. To be fair, Shatner is pretty funny, and this show, "Shatner's World; We Just Live In It" was a big hit on Broadway. Should be decent enough to justify our publisher's obsession with the man.

RUSSELL BRAND

17-24 OCTOBER

Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane, Sydney.

ticketek.com.au

After a life of individualism and showing off, Hollywood, ruining broadcasting corporations & elections Russell Brand has decided the only way to change the world is to yell and scream about how unfair everything is.

BLIND MELON

23 OCTOBER

Sydney liveguide.com.au

Following lead singer Shannon Hoon's tragic death in '98, the surviving members of Blind Melon didn't reconvene for their first live performance until 2007. But when they finally returned to the stage, longtime fans – or Melonheads, as they're affectionately dubbed – were relieved to see the band's catalog of alt-rock jams in the capable hands of singer Travis Warren.

V8 SUPERPARTY

23-25 OCTOBER

Gold Coast

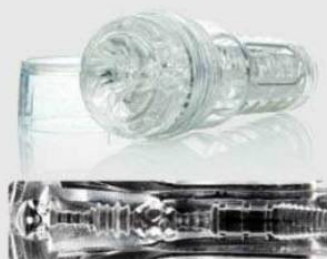
V8supercars.com

Is there anything more Australian than watching V8 Supercars while listening to Cold Chisel? No. If you don't like this kind of thing, you're un-Australian, frankly. Warty, sinking beers at Bondi and the AFL Grand final are the only things more Australian.

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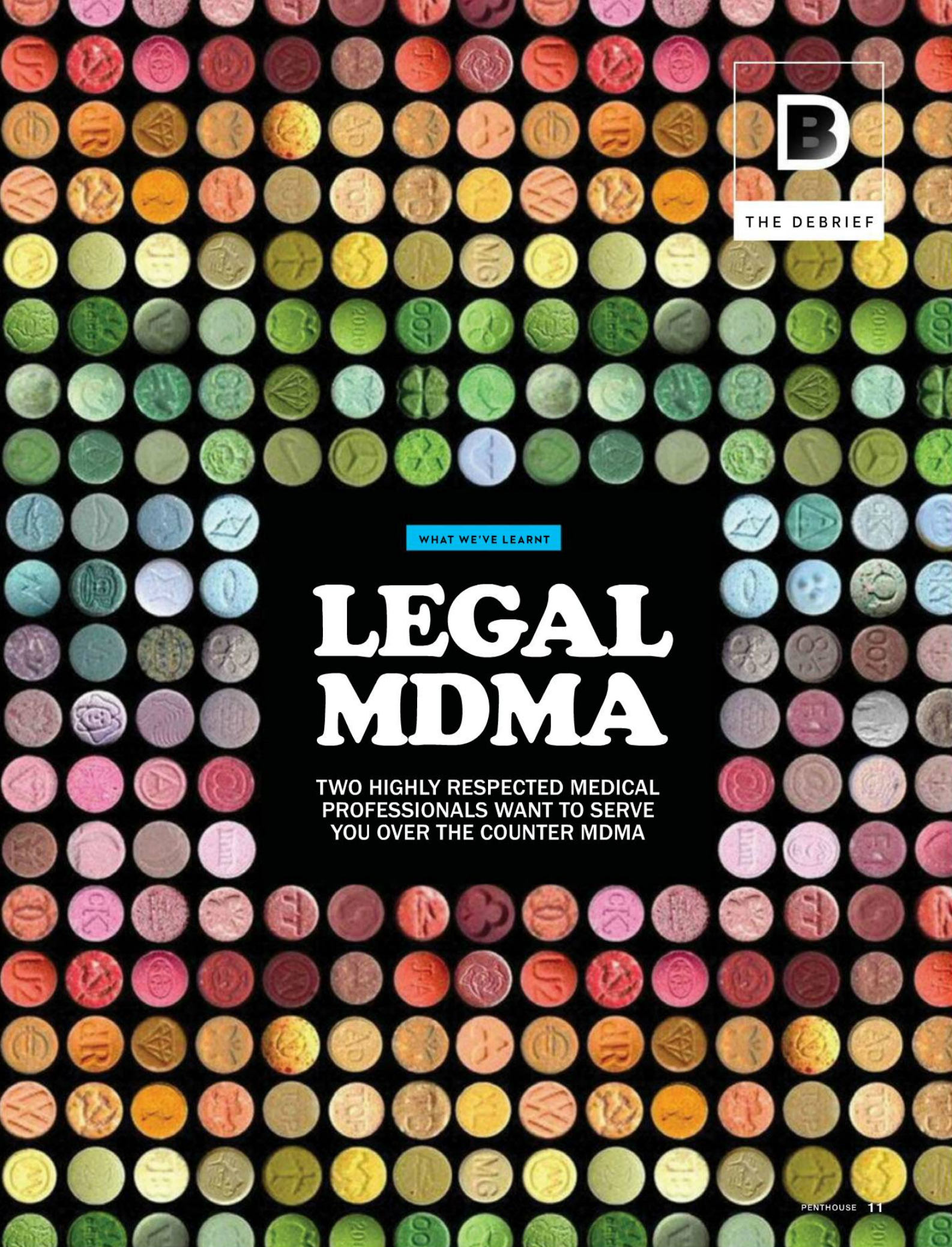
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B

THE DEBRIEF

WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

LEGAL MDMA

TWO HIGHLY RESPECTED MEDICAL
PROFESSIONALS WANT TO SERVE
YOU OVER THE COUNTER MDMA

MELBOURNE DOCTOR AND PHARMACIST PUSH FOR LEGAL MDMA

A Melbourne pharmacist and a leading doctor in Australia's fight against HIV/AIDS have declared that MDMA should be made available over the counter from your local pharmacy.

The pair assert that the current legal status of MDMA pushes users to take contaminated versions of the drug that contain unknown, potentially harmful substances – because there's no way your average drug dealer is going to make sure that your caps aren't cut with dishwashing powder.

In an article published by *Journal of Law and Medicine*, Joshua Donelly and Dr David Penington suggest that allowing the sale of MDMA over the counter would mean users have access to a pure dose of the drug, as well as information about its potential side-effects.

"Australians are one of the highest consumers of MDMA in the world, yet we resolutely resist exploring the fact that most of the uncommon ill-consequences of its use arise from impurities in illicitly manufactured drugs and the 'illicit', uncontrolled circumstances of



its use," said Professor Penington.

In 2010, a British Independent Scientific Committee study on drugs ranked MDMA as the 17th most dangerous substance – far behind Alcohol (first), crack (third) and tobacco (a disappointing sixth – come on, cigarettes, you can do better than that).

Whilst some people (read: me) hav had a great time on MDMA, if you take it every weekend the drug will fry your brain. But it's hard to argue with giving people who are going to take drugs anyway access to stuff that hasn't been cut with laundry powder.

SONY LEAKS REVEAL THAT SPIDER MAN IS BANNED FROM DOING DRUGS OR BEING GAY

I knew there was a reason Spider Man sucked. He's always been the least interesting character in the Marvel universe. Now we know why.

In YET ANOTHER SONY PICTURES LEAK (yes, they're still happening), it's been revealed that Sony and Marvel film executives have a 'mandatory Spider-man character traits' document that sets the parameters for Spidey's personality.

Specifically, he must not smoke, take or distribute drugs and in no way is he to have sex before the age of sixteen. The guidelines also state that he must be 'middle class' as well as 'Caucasian and heterosexual'.

Which really ruins everybody's hopes of the next Peter Parker being a drug-dealing bisexual teenage pornographer. That would have been *awesome*.



SCIENTISTS RELEASE STUDY ON THE PERFECT PENIS

Science's long march of discovery continues unabated, with the release of a study that examines perhaps humanity's most important question yet: what is the perfect dick?

In a recent paper published by the *Journal of Sexual Medicine* titled *What is a Good-Looking Penis?*, researchers surveyed a large group of women with the aim of discovering just what, exactly, they love in a wang.

The results were illuminating.

Participants had to rate the importance of eight different 'penile aspects': General cosmetic appearance, penile skin, shape of the glans, appearance of pubic hair and scrotum, length, girth and 'position and shape of meatus'. FYI, the meatus isn't some nerd-joke term for dick – it's the opening at the end where your pee and jizz shoots out. You know, 'the eye'.

The women in the study rated the meatus as the least important part of the penis, unsurprisingly. If a woman is that concerned with its positioning, she's probably OCD.

The conclusions? Women want something big, but not too big. Veiny, but not bodybuilder-during-competition veiny. A nicely shaped head is important – women want a head that is slightly girthier than the rest of the dong.

But really, they're not all that picky – as long as the thing works properly and stays hard. Overall, the only cosmetic issue women had was if your dick, in scientific terms, "just looks kinda weird."



HACKERS TAKE CONTROL OF SPEEDING CAR, CRASH IT INTO A DITCH

Security experts have managed to take control of a car travelling 110 kilometres per hour and crash it into a ditch.

While sitting at home on their couch.

The hack was part of an experiment conducted with *Wired* magazine writer Andy Greenberg, who was driving the car when a team of hackers managed to take control of the vehicle, turning the windscreen wipers on, blasting cold air from the air conditioning and turning the radio up full volume.

Perhaps most worryingly, they chose to play the music of Kanye West.

The hackers even broke into the car's

digital display, uploading a pretty little picture of themselves.

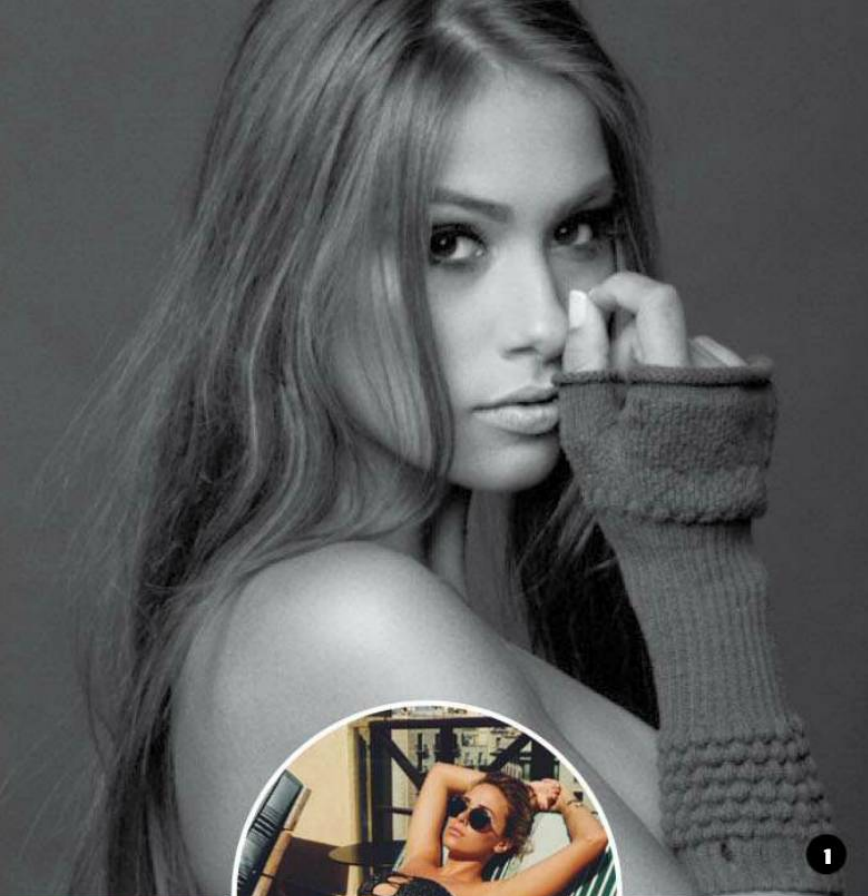
Then they took full control of the vehicle.

"They cut the Jeep's brakes," Greenberg wrote, "leaving me frantically pumping the pedal as the 2-ton SUV slid uncontrollably into a ditch."

The team used a laptop and a mobile phone to take control of the Jeep Cherokee through its wifi system.

More than 470,000 cars are at risk of similar breaches.

Jeep drivers be warned: hackers may blast *Gold Digger* on your car's stereo without warning.



ONLINE

FAMOUS ON INSTAGRAM

Only a few years ago Instagram didn't even exist. Now, whole careers are made through the social media platform, with young women who would normally have been shut out of the modelling industry because they didn't fit the exact specifications required to work in fashion making crazy money just by posting photos with products.

We spoke to John Scott, a PR agent from Sydney who manages a number of young models who use Instagram as their primary platform.

"People connect with them because they're genuine and honest. They never endorse products they don't love, and fans recognise that," he said.

"Advertisers right now are really keen to get involved with people who have that direct, unfiltered connection to their fans".



1. Gabriella Lenzi

Followers: 1 million

We're talking lots of selfies here. Gabriella posts images that rack up tonnes of likes, all of which are sponsored by various clothing brands.

2. Daniella Grace

Followers: 185,000

The Cali-based model posts endless pictures of herself relaxing in the best holiday destinations.

3. Rocky Barnes

Followers: 599,000

Rocky is paid to fly around the world to various music festivals and pose in front of a camera. Best job in the world.

4. Tash Oakley

Followers: 1.3 million

Gets sponsored to post photographs of herself wearing a different bikini, every day.

5. Sahara Ray

Followers: 752,000

Sahara Ray has used her Instagram fame to become the face of various fashion brands and appear in numerous magazine shoots.

ALL IMAGES ARE SOURCED FROM INSTAGRAM ACCOUNTS OF THE SUBJECTS MENTIONED HEREIN

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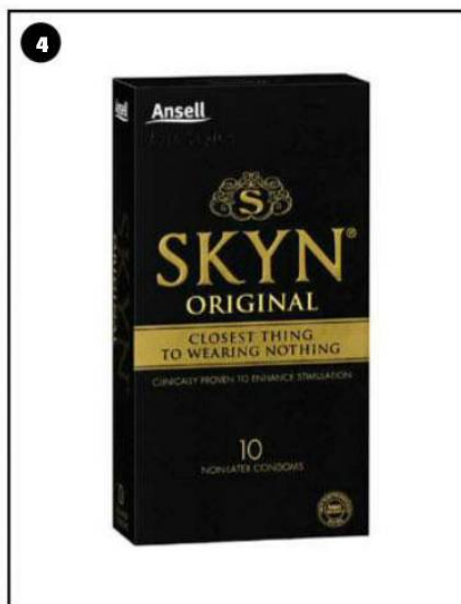
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1 TOP

A VERY NAUGHTY TOP TEN



1 OHMIBOD

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2 ANGELA WHITE FLESHLIGHT

This item, my friends, is the number one sex toy in the world. Heck, with the existence of extra-terrestrials yet to be proved, we might even say it's the best in the universe. This particular Fleshlight is modelled on Australia's very own pornstar, Angela White. Excellent.

3 FOX AND PONY SPUNK LUBE

Spunk Lube was created to answer market demands for a super long-lasting lube. The original silicone formulation promises to outlast any performance...and it delivers. If you want to get it on but need that extra bit of wetness, this is what you need.

4 SKYN CONDOMS BY ANSELL

A revolutionary material, a new world experience and no natural rubber latex allergies: what's not to like? Ansell's Skyn condoms use Polyisoprene to ensure the most pleasurable experience possible. Love sex but hate condoms? Us too. Use Skyns.

5 AVAILABLE ANGELS

If you're looking for a girl you can meet immediately, Available Angels is the directory for you. The brainchild of two glamorous escorts, Eden and Kimber, the directory allows you to connect with available escorts right now! If you've got that feeling, get on Available Angels right now.



6 ASTROGLIDE PREMIUM LUBRICANTS

The Astroglide range includes high-quality lubes that are perfect for using during your most intimate, erotic moments. Whether you're looking for something to use with your sex toys, some edible lube or just a sexual lubricant that's simple and effective the Astroglide have something for you.

7 MOSKA

Moska energy for men contains a herb traditionally used in herbal medicine as an aphrodisiac and tonic to the reproductive system. This little bottle will enhance your libido and give you an extra boost in bed, helping maintain that all-important stamina. And that, my friends, is the key to pleasing the ladies. A long-lasting fella is really what they're after.

8 GOLD COAST EXCLUSIVE DIRTY WEEKEND

With three packages available for a dirty Gold Coast weekend, go to gcexclusive.com to book a wild time at Australia's wildest venues. Includes limo transfers, topless waitresses, ice-cold beers, lap dances and night shark fishing. What more could you want? Nothing, that's what.

9 SPEARMINT RHINO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

Look, we know this isn't a product per se, but this is Black Label folks. Spearmint Rhino is one of the best, if not the best, strip clubs in Australia. We're talking about the hottest ladies going around. Check their Facebook page for upcoming events and free entry passwords.

10 JES EXTENDER

Several questions have haunted men since the beginning of time. The first that comes to mind is; how can I make my penis bigger? With results and safety in mind, Jes Extender has been designed to give answers to these questions and help people enjoy a healthy sexual life without complexes. She'll thank you.

YOUR DIRTY WEEKEND SPECIALISTS

TOTAL MAYHEM \$1600 PER PERSON

Return limo transfers from Gold Coast Airport with topless waitress & ice-cold beers.

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3 night stay in a luxury Q1 resort, 3 bedroom

Sub-Penthouse apartment.

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Gourmet BBQ in apartment includes Chef, two topless waitresses to attend to your needs and night time entertainment duo show (15 mins)

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Return limo transfers from Gold Coast Airport with a topless waitress and ice-cold beers.

Ultimate adventure with night shark fishing, including ice-cold beers and deli style platters.

Party the night away with VIP Entry, a \$60 Bar Tab and a 5 minute lap dance per person at Players, the Gold Coast's hottest adult venue.

Two night stay in a luxury 3 bedroom apartment at Q1 Resort, close to all the nightlife, restaurants and the world famous beach at Surfers Paradise.

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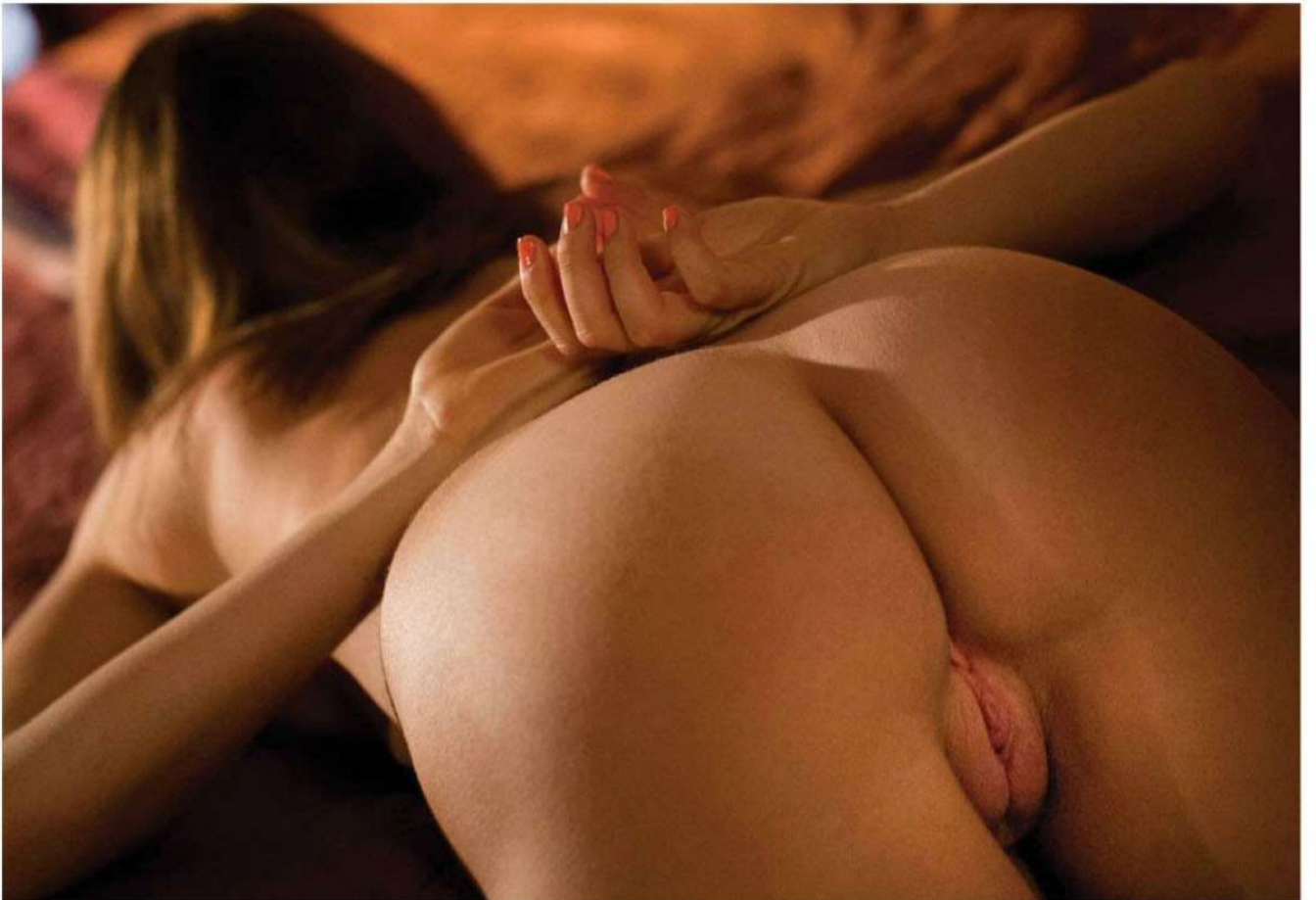
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Southbank, VIC



Venus PIN: 7230
18 / F / Straight / Single
Hobart, TAS



Maya PIN: 7272
21 / F / Bi-Curious / Single
Gordon, ACT



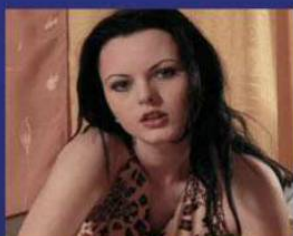
Zara PIN: 7292
28 / F / Straight / Single
St Kilda, VIC



Sheila PIN: 7873
31 / F / Straight / Single
Noosa, QLD



Rita PIN: 7136
21 / F / Bisexual / Single
Carlton, VIC



Camila PIN: 7404
19 / F / Swinger / Single
Turner, ACT



Nat PIN: 7412
20 / F / Straight / Single
Port Phillip, ACT



Gabby PIN: 7172
23 / F / Straight / Single
Kings Beach, QLD



Lee PIN: 7499
25 / F / Straight / Single
Roverland, SA



Krystal PIN: 7339
34 / F / Straight / Divorced
Auburn, NSW



Kelly PIN: 7286
23 / F / Bi-Curious / Single
Castle Hill, NSW



Amber PIN: 7013
27 / F / Straight / Single
Sandy Bay, TAS



Charlie PIN: 7316
18 / F / Straight / Single
Richardson, NT



Lana PIN: 7347
20 / F / Straight / Single
Kangaroo Point, QLD

LOUIS CK

**NO LONGER JUST A COMEDIAN, HE'S BECOME
THE WESTERN WORLD'S SHARPEST
SOCIAL COMMENTATOR**

Mid 2015, the comedian Louis CK delivered a routine on *Saturday Night Live* – the beacon of mainstream American comedy – that must surely cement his position as the sharpest, funniest and most important comedian and social commentator of his generation.

The bit compared his love of chocolate bars to a child-molester's love of young boys, and because *Penthouse* is an upstanding, community-minded organisation, we're not going to reprint it here.

Google "Louis CK SNL" and you'll find it.

Since rising from what seemed like obscurity around 2008, Louis has become a trailblazing performer and businessman, reinventing the way comedy is distributed to consumers and delivering some of the funniest, most close-to-the-bone routines around.

Take this one, on the word 'faggot':

"I miss that word. I grew up saying that word... Faggot didn't mean gay when I was a kid. You call someone a faggot because they were being one. I would NEVER call a gay guy a faggot, unless he was being one. Like, if I saw two guys blowing each other – I don't know why I'd be watching them doing it – I would be respectful to them and say 'hello gentlemen'. But if one of them took the other's dick out of his mouth and started saying something all faggy and annoying... I'd be like 'shut-up faggot... quit being such a faggot and suck that dick!'"

The joke is highly offensive and on the surface, incredibly politically incorrect. In our current cultural climate, "faggot" is one of those words that's been banned by the powers-that-be.

But the joke points the finger at how absurd the practise is of policing people's words. If you really want to create a fairer society, you should be concentrating on what people actually do.

Of course, not everybody agrees. The blowback from CK's child-molestation *Saturday Night Live* routine was significant, especially on the Internet, where everyone with a half-completed arts degree has a blog on which they can amplify their whingeing.

But his comedy is very equal opportunity: everyone comes in for the same treatment, be it gay people, black people,

white people, his own kids (who are on the receiving end of the vast majority of his jokes) and women.

Of course, the real butt of Louis CK's jokes is the man himself: his own prejudices, his masturbation habits and his half-arsed parenting.

But it's not just the art of comedy that the Mexican-born, Boston-bred and New York-living comedian has reinvented and revolutionised.

Perhaps his most significant contribution has been in changing the way people consume comedy. Before CK, most people saw stand up comedy in small bits on late night TV shows or, if they searched around for themselves, on YouTube.

CK created a whole new model for the delivery of comedy by using his rising fame to sell hour-long recordings of his sets direct from his website, for five bucks a pop.

The idea was hugely successful. A mere three days after

**"I WOULD NEVER
CALL A GAY GUY A
FAGGOT, UNLESS HE
WAS BEING ONE."**

releasing his first video using the online method, the comedian tweeted a screenshot of his PayPal account balance, which stood at over \$1 million. CK had realised something TV networks took way too long to acknowledge: that if you give people a way to easily pay for content online, they'll quit stealing your product and give you their money.

"People are screaming out 'here's my credit card number, just give it to me!'" he joked when discussing Australia's addiction to online piracy.

Since then, CK has gone on to release further routines on his website, in a model that's been copied by numerous other comics. He's got his own TV show, the brilliant, quirky *Louie*. He's a regular guest on every late night show around. He's starred in Woody Allen films.

But most importantly, he's become the funniest person of his generation. 



THEY'VE GOT THE BLUES

THE HORRIBLE RECENT HISTORY OF THE CARLTON FOOTBALL CLUB

Seems like only yesterday that the Carlton Football Club smugly announced the signing of veteran coach Mick Malthouse to head up the Blues' tilt for a 17th AFL premiership.

After more than a decade of outright failure and a few years of slow improvement, Malthouse was, the club's leadership believed, just the man to put the team on the road to success.

Things started out reasonably well. Carlton managed to win a final in Malthouse's first year, 2013. But they slumped to 14th in 2014, and after a horror start to the 2015 season, the Blues did what they always do. What they've been doing on a regular basis for the last 15 years. They sacked the coach.

What had begun with much fanfare only two years earlier came to an embarrassing and abrupt end, with bad blood on both sides. Season 2015 turned into one of the club's worst in recent years – and that's really saying something.

What happened? How did a football club known for its hardness, its competitiveness and its refusal to accept anything

names that Carlton missed out on.

To make matters worse, when the Blues were eventually allowed back into the draft in 2004, they hardly picked any real talent. Jordan Russell, who the club took at pick nine, never justified the investment, and was eventually traded to Collingwood. Have you heard of Adam Hartlett? He was their second choice.

Carlton's recruiting screw-ups didn't end there. Yes, they nabbed Mark Murphy at pick 1 in 2005, and full-forward Josh Kennedy at pick 4 – both excellent recruits. But the club failed to pick any young, talented players to back them up. Bryce Gibbs and Matthew Kreuzer followed in 2006 and 2007, and neither has lived up to their status as number one draft picks.

2007 saw champion onballer Chris Judd come to the club as captain. Judd gave Carlton some of his best football, winning the Brownlow medal in 2010. But he just never had the backup, and one of the greatest players of all time retired this year without having tasted success at his second club.

"WHAT HAD BEGUN WITH MUCH FANFARE ONLY TWO YEARS BEFORE CAME TO AN EMBARRASING AND BLOODY END"

other than victory become such a rabble?

You have to go way back to the late nineties and early 2000s, when AFL clubs really began to embrace the AFL draft as a way to bring young, talented footballers into their teams. For a long time, Carlton had relied on recruiting marquee champions, so when these legendary names began to get a little too old for a fast-changing sport, the team's performance on the scoreboard dropped dramatically.

In 2002, they won their first-ever wooden spoon. But that wasn't even the worst piece of news, with the AFL announcing that Carlton had been found guilty of systematically rorting the salary cap. The Blues had been caught making under-the-table payments to a number of players, including legendary son Stephen Silvagni.

The scandal hit the Blues hard. They were banned from taking part in the next two drafts, which robbed the team of access to a veritable smorgasbord of young talent: Brendan Goddard, Daniel Wells, Adam Cooney and Heath Shaw are a few of the

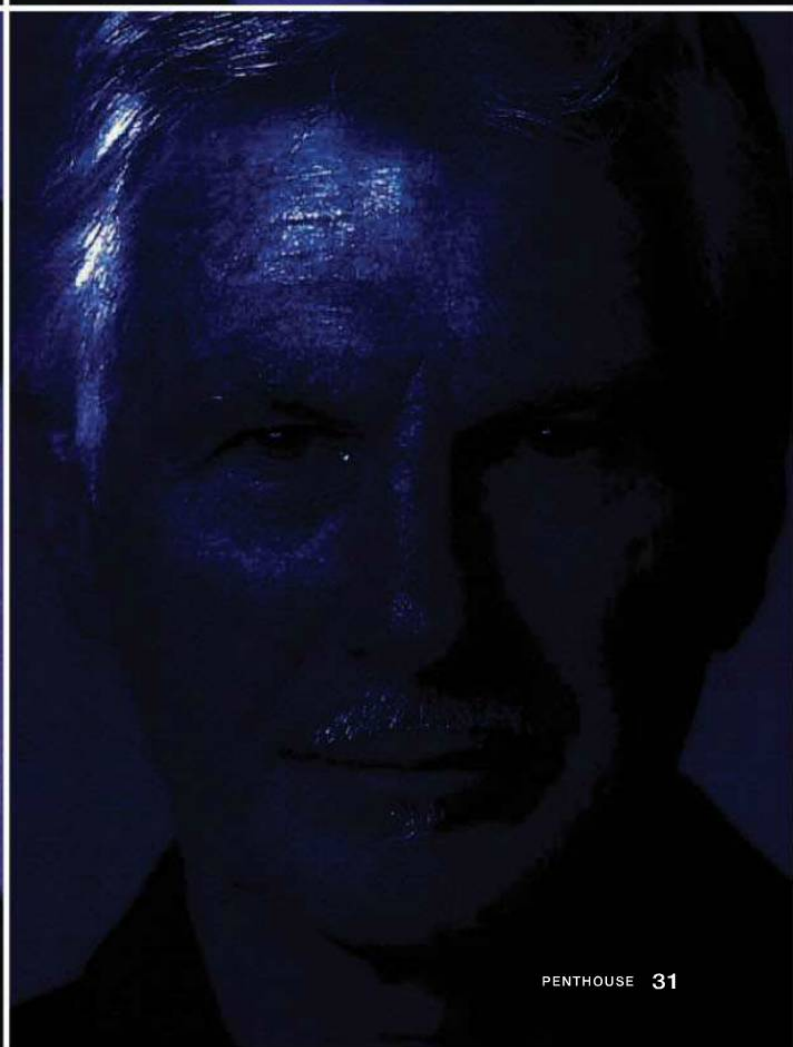
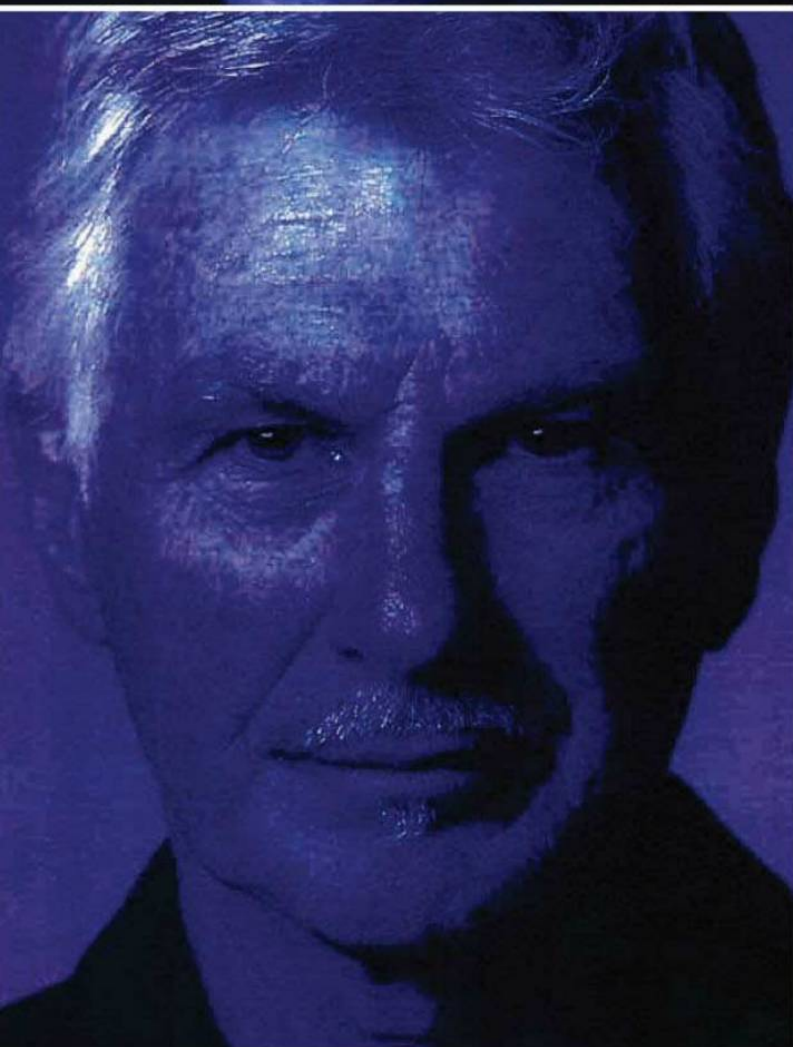
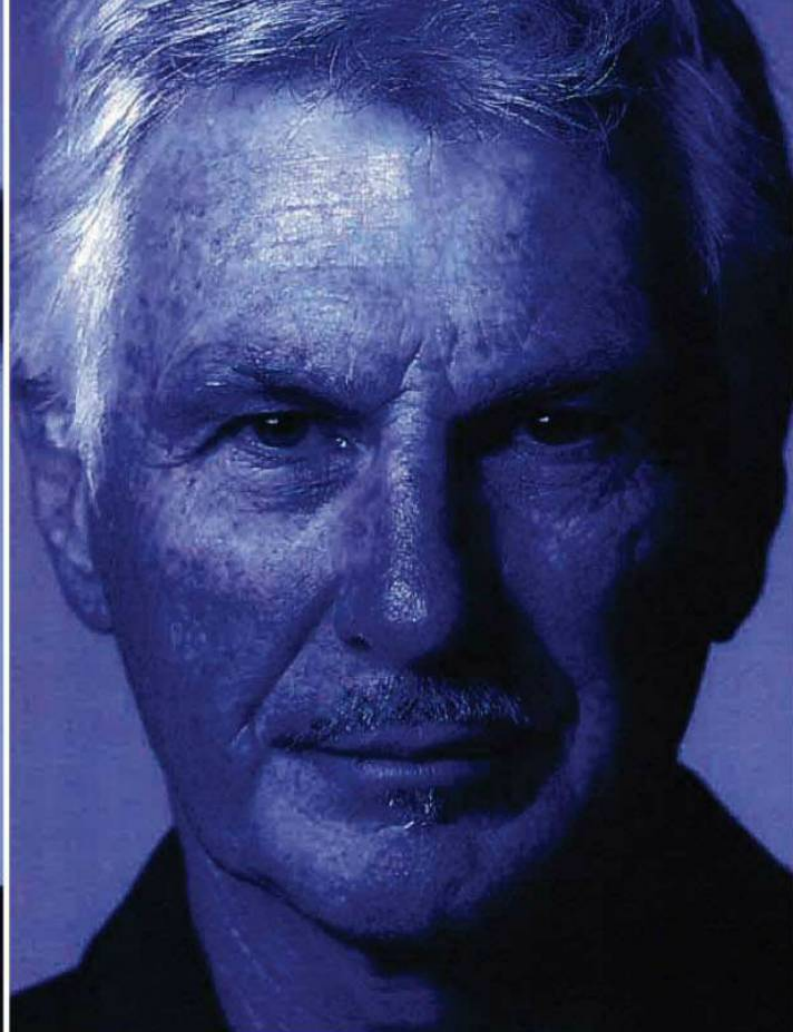
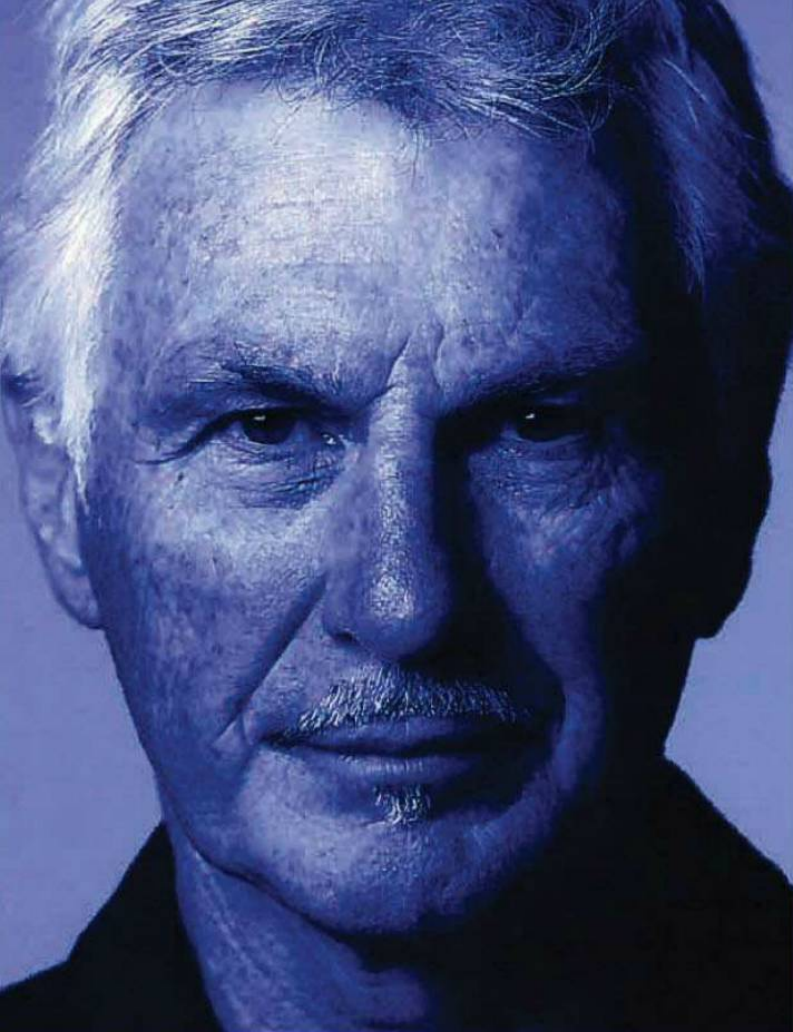
Okay. So, that's recruiting taken care of. Let's move on to management, shall we?

Since 2000, Carlton has had a grand total of six coaches. That's one coach every two-and-a-bit years. Compare that to the most successful clubs. Sydney have had three coaches in that time. Likewise, Geelong. Hawthorn have had just two.

The lesson here is that good clubs hire the right man and stick with him. Clarkson's first years with Hawthorn were disastrous, as he implemented a new game plan and built a young team from scratch. Geelong went through years of bad results with Mark Thompson before he delivered an era of greatness unmatched in the club's history.

Carlton, on the other hand, have made firing coaches at the first sign of trouble into an artform.

They are a team who have, for the last fifteen years, invested their time and money in quick-fix solutions, when all evidence points towards long-term investment in talent and coaching staff providing the real pathway to success. ☹️



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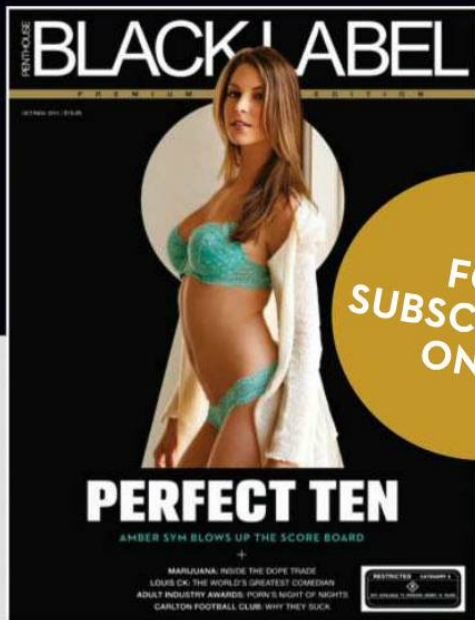
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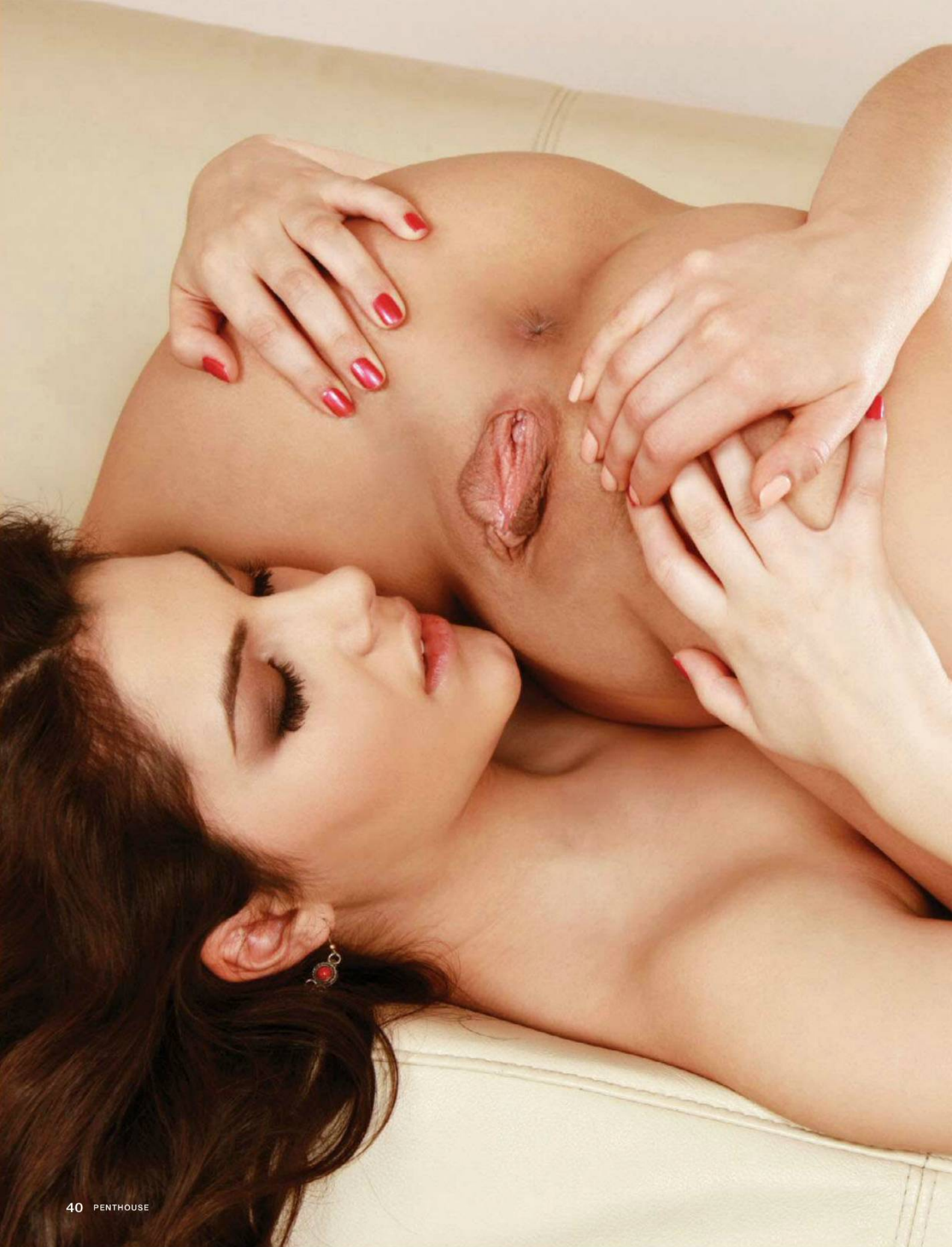
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WEB OF INTRIGUE

TECH COMPANIES ARE GETTING REALLY GOOD AT **SPYING ON YOU**

I'm one of those strange people who has a standard set of clothes I rarely deviate from. My wardrobe contains twenty plain red T-shirts, about the same number of black shirts, five flannelettes and three of the same caps.

I never shop for clothes online, so imagine my surprise when, only a few hours after walking into a store and purchasing two of my standard TCSS caps, I opened up my browser to be shown an advertisement for the very cap I'd just bought.

How did this happen? Who or what is watching me so closely? How do they know what I'm up to?

We live in an era of 24/7 surveillance. But it's not just Governments who are sweeping up all our data. Your devices are spying on you too. We're talking ad clicks, browser history, searches, IP addresses, email addresses you contact, your phone number and your exact location.

Which is crazy. When a government does this type of data collection it's a massive media scandal, but we're happily giving away all this information to a corporation.

Google is doing it. Apple is doing it. Facebook is doing it. In 2012 Target, using data on customer purchases, realised a girl was pregnant before she had a chance to tell her dad. They sent some brochures to the new mother at her address, and the poor grandfather-to-be got a rude surprise.

Anyone who knows anything about the internet knows they're being spied on, and acts accordingly.

But what people often don't realise, however, is that Facebook, Google, Apple, Yahoo, Amazon and numerous other large internet-based companies don't just track your usage while you're browsing their own pages. They also spy on your use of external websites. If you've logged into Facebook, for example, the company is also collecting data on your online activity outside its own page.

That's right, if you've got Facebook open in one tab and Red Tube in another, Zuckerberg knows about it. And he's selling that information to advertisers.

Yes, there are ways you can avoid being spied on over the internet. Use the "private browsing" setting on your browser. Go one better and use a TOR browser that encrypts your connection. When you're on Facebook's mobile app, open any links in Safari or Chrome instead of using Facebook's native browser.

Most of all, make sure your best friend knows to delete your internet history when you die.

But for the most part, being spied on by large companies is part of the deal, unfortunately.

The only way to avoid living in the surveillance state is to go bush. And I just like my gadgets too much for that.

AVOID BEING SPIED ON OVER THE INTERNET

TURN LOCATION SERVICES OFF ON YOUR PHONE

The reason Google and Apple give away new versions of their phone's operating system is because they make money by telling advertisers where you are. Which is really, really stalky. Turn location services off and they'll be in the dark.

USE AN OLD SCHOOL NOKIA GSM PHONE

Vintage is in, right? What says "I'm too cool for new tech" like an old Nokia? They come with the added bonus of being indestructible, and those stalky tech companies can't watch your every move.

LIVE IN THE BUSH AND WEAR TIN FOIL ON YOUR HEAD TO KEEP THEM FROM READING YOUR THOUGHTS

Yes, the Facebook really is beaming those voices directly into your head through satellites. Make yourself a head-piece out of aluminium foil and keep it on your scalp at all times. That way they can't get inside your mind.

"THAT'S RIGHT, IF YOU'VE GOT FACEBOOK OPEN IN ONE TAB AND RED TUBE IN ANOTHER, ZUCKERBERG KNOWS ABOUT IT."

FILM

THE SCI-FI REVIVAL

The last few years have seen a resurgence in the “big science fiction film”, a genre that absolutely owned the 1980s, then became really goofy and stupid during the ‘90s and 2000s.

But over the last few years, both indie filmmakers and large studios have started making awesome Sci-Fi films again.

Like any trend in filmmaking, the movement can be traced back to a handful of interesting small budget films that removed all the CGI and action-hero garbage the genre had become overloaded with and concentrated on the story – which is something that an irritatingly large number of Hollywood studios often forget about.

Shane Carruth’s 2004 film *Primer* was the first shot in Sci-Fi’s resurgence. Made with a budget of \$7000, the film was a brilliant, difficult and fascinating film about two home-garage engineers who accidentally create a time machine and use it to make a shedload of cash on the stockmarket.

Soon after, budgets began to get a little bigger for the thinking man’s Science Fiction film. *Moon*, directed by David Bowie’s son Duncan Jones, was a complex but still

entertaining movie about human cloning and the isolation involved with space travel.

Then came *District 9*, a riotously entertaining, action-packed, heartbreaking and MENSA-level intelligent film about an alien ship coming to Earth. Christopher Nolan’s *Inception* and *Interstellar*, both mega-budget flicks with plenty of action and something smart to say, confirmed that Sci-Fi was back.

Now, there’s the upcoming release of *The Martian*, directed by perhaps the most influential Sci-Fi director of them all: Ridley Scott (*Alien*, *Blade Runner...* and *Prometheus*, but we’re trying our best to forget about that one). Starring Matt Damon (Matt Daaaaammonnn) as an astronaut stranded on Mars, the film being hyped as the latest in the Sci-Fi revival.

Let’s hope they don’t fuck it up.



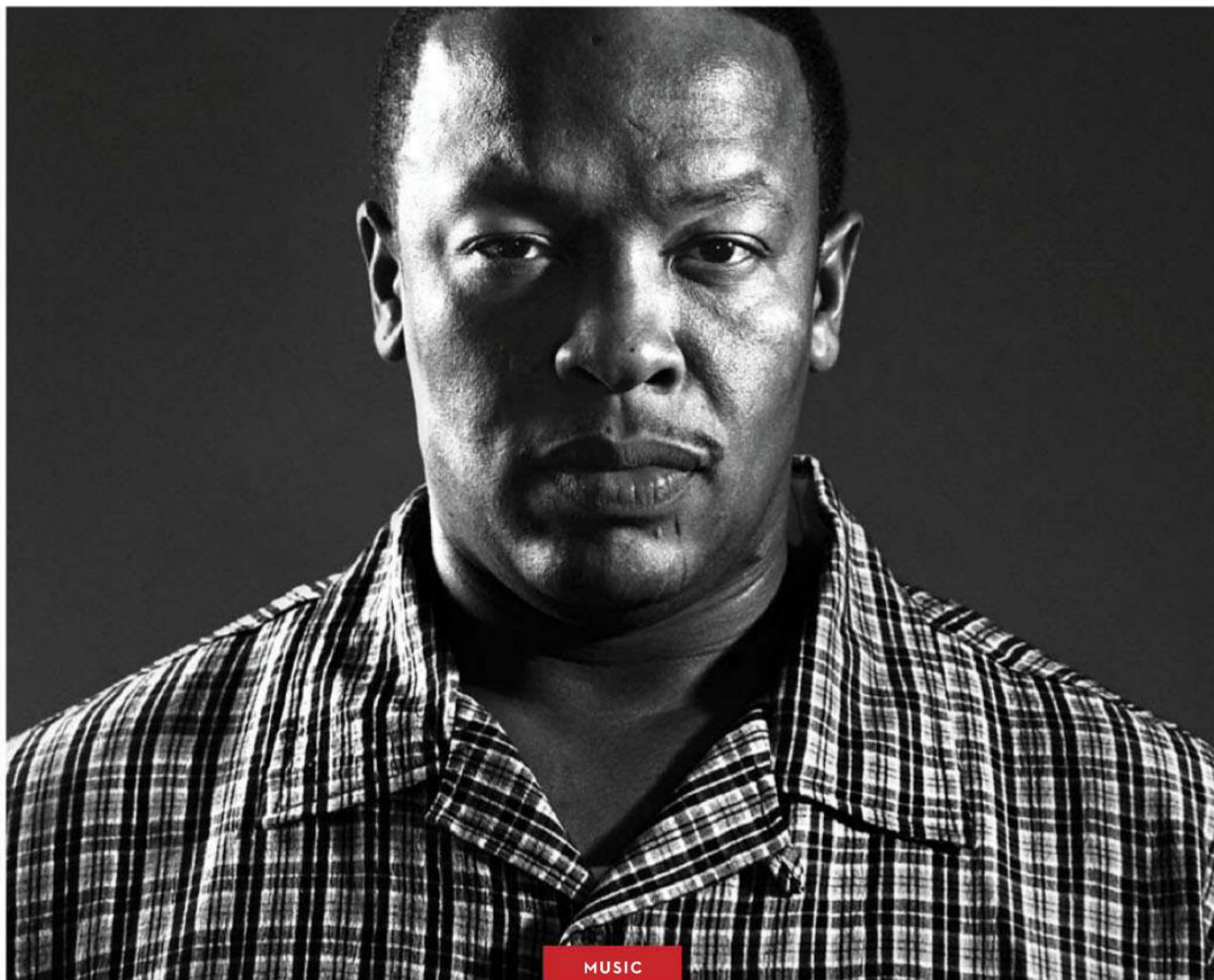
IN BRIEF



SCI-FI CLASSIC: THE TERMINATOR

It’s easy to forget how brilliant the original *Terminator* was – and still is. After all the flashy CGI and explosions featured in *Terminator 2: Judgement Day*, and the absolutely horrendous things done to the franchise over the last fifteen years, the sheer focus and intensity of the original is a thing to behold. It’s nail-biting stuff, from start to finish, with a clinically effective performance from big Arnie and a brilliant, heartbreaking turn by Linda Hamilton as Sarah Connor. The best film of the ‘80s.





GUESS WHO'S BACK?



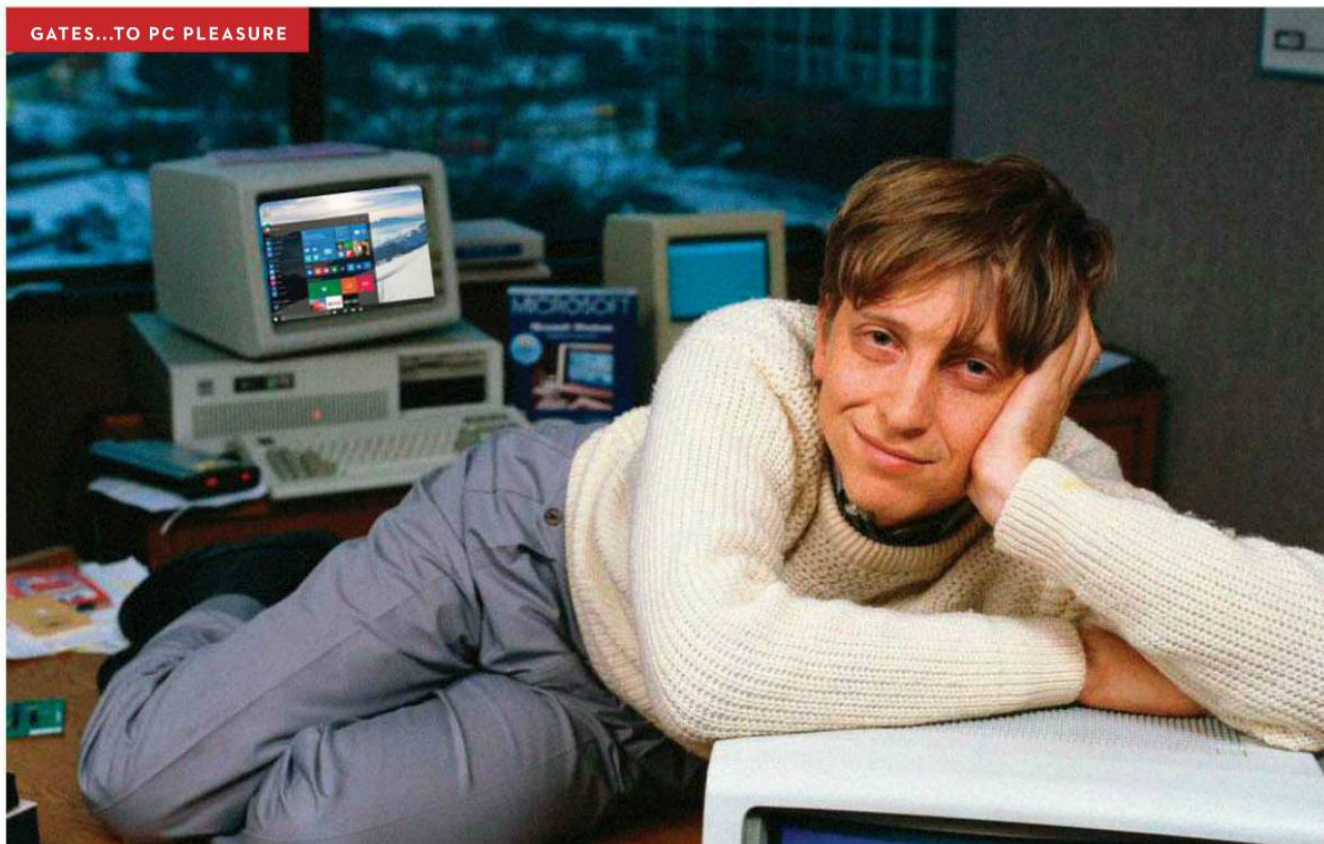
It's been a long time between albums for Dr Dre – 16 years, to be precise. Although to be fair, since the 1999 release of *The Chronic: 2001*, the man often thought of as Hip Hop's most prestigious and influential producer has hardly been lazy. He's discovered Eminem, produced tracks for the likes of Snoop Dogg and Kendrick Lamar, and built up an empire in Beats Music and Electronics which was recently sold to Apple for – wait for it – THREE BILLION DOLLARS.

But all the while, what everybody had really been waiting for was a new album. Rumours kept around that Dre was having a hard time perfecting what had been given the working title *Detox*. There was talk that the album just wasn't up to scratch.

And then, out of nowhere, he just drops *Compton* on us. No statement. No press releases. Just lets everybody know a few days in advance via a radio interview, then releases the album to iTunes.

And what an album it is. Billed as a soundtrack to the forthcoming NWA biopic, *Compton* was released to rave reviews, and sees Dre team up with Eminem, Snoop, Xzibit, Ice Cube and many more. It sold 276,000 copies in its first week.

Dre has declared it to be his final album, so we can all stop waiting and just celebrate the career of one of Hip Hop's finest.



WINDOWS 10 IS COMING

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.

Chances are that if you own a personal computer or a laptop, it runs a version of Windows.

Yes, it's unfashionable. You don't see hipsters in Fitzroy carrying around anything other than a sleek Macbook Pro.

But Microsoft's still-ubiquitous operating system remains dominant in the PC world, with variations of Windows running on over 85% of computers.

Despite this enormous share of the market, everyone's been banging on about the software giant's imminent demise for years now. And they've certainly made some screw-ups in that time.

Two of those screw-ups in particular have prompted tech-media premonitions of death.

Firstly, Windows was late to the smartphone party. Have you ever turned up to a housewarming that you thought might get going at around 2am, only to find everyone with their tops off, jumping on the couches having pillow fights and playing beer-pong with Jay-Z and Miley Cyrus? (by the way, if you have, then please, send an email to jamesb@phpublications.com and invite me to the next one).

That's how late Microsoft was to the smartphone party. Apple was doing cocaine off model's breasts and had 200 billion dollars in the bank. Samsung was watching and taking notes. Google had installed cameras in the room and was live-streaming the whole thing on YouTube.

Microsoft knocked on the door and the music was so loud that nobody heard them.

Windows phone has, as of writing, a miniscule 2.7% market share

of the phone business.

Their other major balls-up was losing the trust of their PC users by releasing, over the last decade, two incredibly crappy operating systems. Windows Vista was absolute garbage. It was slow, buggy and constantly harassed you with notifications. Microsoft quickly released Windows 7 and everyone forgave them. And then they released Windows 8, the most confusing and pointless overhaul of an operating system of all time. "What are these tile things?" everyone asked. "And WHERE IS MY START MENU?"

The update was, miraculously, even worse-received than Vista. If Vista was the World War One of operating systems – a disastrous, but still somewhat regionally limited loss of life and reputation – then Windows 8 was the Nazi invasion of Russia: a complete catastrophe.

So now, we have Windows Ten upon us, which brings up an important question: does anyone at Microsoft know how to count? Because I'm pretty sure 10 doesn't come after 8. Just saying.

Anyways, Microsoft is so keen on letting everyone know how great and wonderful their new OS is that they're doing something rather unusual. They're giving it away. Anyone who has Windows XP, Vista, Windows 7 or Windows 8 can install Windows 10 for a cool zero dollars.

The company is also betting big on the OS. Windows Ten will not only power PC's but tablets and phones, too. Microsoft believes the future is one in which a single OS will power all your devices.

So, whether you like it or not, over the next few months you'll start using Windows Ten. Good luck.

TECH

THE FIVE GREATEST TECH SCREW-UPS.

1. APPLE FIRES STEVE JOBS.

In 1985, after an internal struggle with CEO John Sculley, Steve Jobs was ousted from the company he founded. Over the next ten years, Jobs founded Pixar and NEXT Computers, while Apple began a long, slow decline into near-bankruptcy. In '97, Apple begged forgiveness and asked Tech Jesus/Steve to come back, and for the next decade-and-a-half Apple went on the most stunning run of corporate growth in the history of business. Briefly in 2011, Apple had more money than the entire US Government.

2. XEROX INVENTS THE MODERN PC, DOESN'T REALISE IT.

You know how every computer you deal with has a "desktop" and a mouse you use to navigate the screen? Xerox invented that back in 1973 with their Xerox Alto computer. Thing is, they never commercialised the concept, only using the computer internally. In 1979, Steve Jobs visited Xerox and realised the commercial potential for this "Graphical User Interface" (GUI). Bill Gates also paid them a visit. The GUI is now the basis of all commercial computers, while Xerox is still known mainly for making photocopiers.

3. MYSPACE. WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO MYSPACE?

Here's what happened to MySpace: Rupert Murdoch bought it. For \$580 million. In 2005, MySpace was THE dominant player in social media, with millions of users adding hundreds of unnecessary and annoying flashing GIFS on their personal pages. In 2006 it briefly took over Google as the MOST VISITED SITE IN THE WORLD! Then NewsCorp bought the service and things went haywire, with no investment



JOBS

IN 1979, STEVE JOBS VISITED XEROX AND REALISED THE COMMERCIAL POTENTIAL FOR THEIR "GRAPHICAL USER INTERFACE" (GUI).



XEROX ALTO

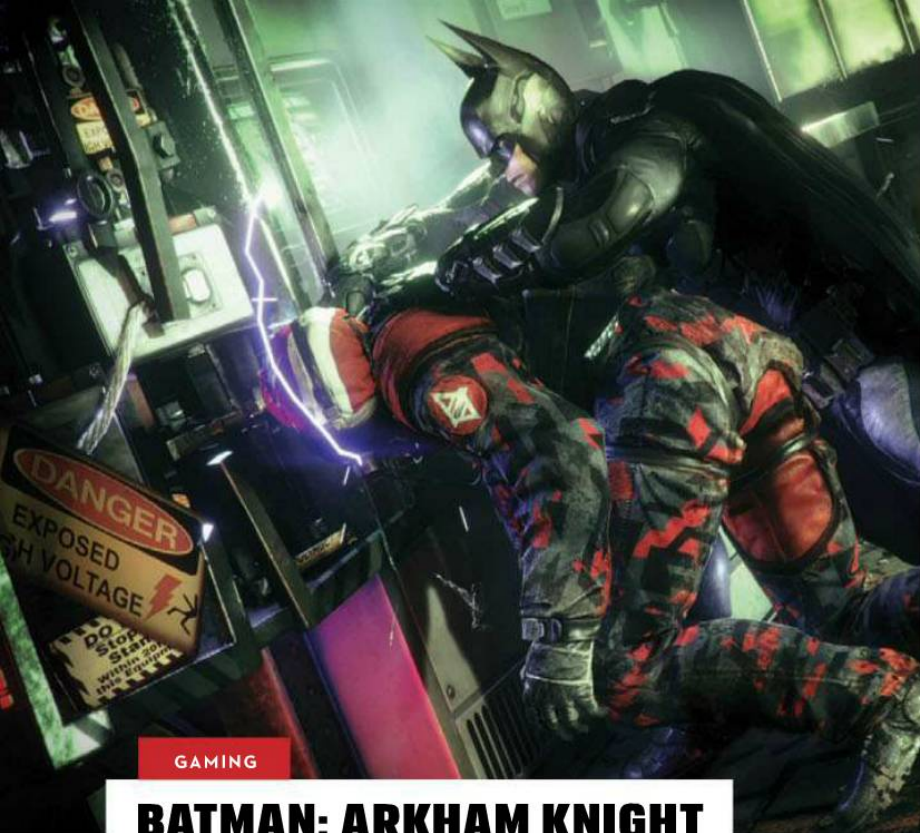
being made in developing the platform for mobile and new browsing technology. The layouts were pretty awful too. Recently, the site was bought for \$35 million by, among others, Justin Timberlake.

4. YAHOO NOT BUYING FACEBOOK

In 2006, rumour has it that Mark Zuckerberg and then Yahoo CEO Terry Semel shook hands on Yahoo purchasing Facebook for \$1 billion. Overnight, Zuckerberg got cold feet and reversed his decision, but his board and investors were ready to force him to sell if Yahoo came back with an offer of \$1.1 billion. Semel refused, believing that Zuckerberg was acting in bad faith. Facebook is now worth about \$90 billion, while Yahoo is worth a relatively paltry \$35 billion.

5. YAHOO NOT BUYING GOOGLE

Jesus, Yahoo, way to screw up your market dominance during the early web. Back in the late nineties and early 2000s, Yahoo was THE search engine of choice. In fact, I clearly recall being a teenager and avoiding searching for porn on Yahoo because I knew my parents also used it. Instead, I looked around for a search engine that wasn't in wide use. I stumbled upon Google and thought "haha, this looks stupid, no-one will ever use something called Google". Back in the early days, Google was constantly trying to sell itself to Yahoo, at one point for \$3 billion. Google is now worth \$170 billion.



BATMAN: ARKHAM KNIGHT

The urge for power is something that defines us as a species, and it's not always easy to satisfy. The most basic form of power comes through violence; smash the problem with a big enough stick and it will go away.

Batman: Arkham Knight is a game that satisfies that urge for power and then some. It's literally just hours of being a man in a black suit of armour smashing through walls in a big tank and punching people in the head over and over and over again. On every level, it satisfies the most primal power fantasies.

'Take that, you fuck!' Punch, punch, punch, kick, punch. Slam criminal's head into a wall. Leap into tank. Shoot baddies with a cannon. Go really fast, smash through wall, eject and glide around the rooftops like an actual bird.

Everything the scared, caged weakling

cowering at the bottom of everyone's subconscious has ever wanted.

Of course, there are some puzzles and a little talking and lots of fiddly stealth missions but really, the reason I couldn't spend more than ten minutes away from the sofa without running back to be The Batman again was because the simian section of my brain was lighting up and pumping full of dopamine in anticipation of that next hit of brutal armored-fist-on-unprotected-criminal-head brutality.

While the plot is significantly better than previous instalments in the series and the visual style and design are truly breath-taking, these are all effectively just window dressing for the real product on sale here: unbridled, bone-crunching violence. And who doesn't want to buy that?



HOTLINE MIAMI 2: WRONG NUMBER

On the other end of the spectrum is the low budget, lo-fi and remarkably addictive *Hotline Miami 2: Wrong Number*. The protagonists of *Hotline Miami* certainly don't adhere to Batman's no-killing code of honour – I had to stop playing because I got worried the screen on my computer was going to run out of red.

The game, which has a visual style that you could describe as halfway



between the original 90's top-down editions of the *Grand Theft Auto* series and Nicholas Winding-Refn's film *Drive*, is the most violent thing I've ever played, which is no small feat for a game that looks like it would happily run on a Super Nintendo and exists in the same cultural climate as first person shooters like *Call of Duty*. The plot, which is deliberately foggy and confused, sees your character don an animal mask and run into buildings full of variously armed enemy mobsters and punch them to death, throw knives into their heads, spray them with bullets and decapitate them at your discretion with any object available to you at that particular moment.

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HOPING SOMEONE COMES BY TO WATCH





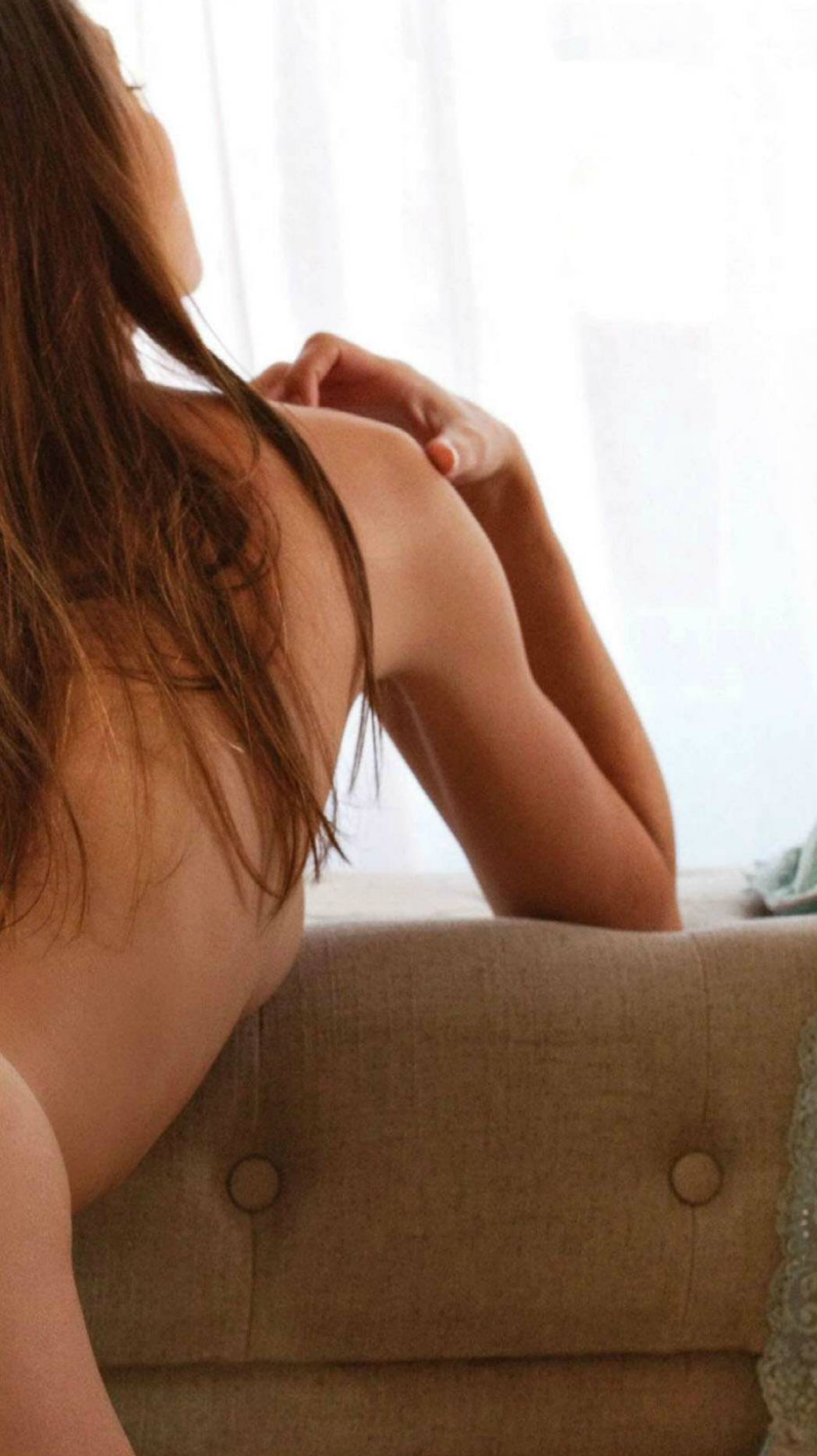
















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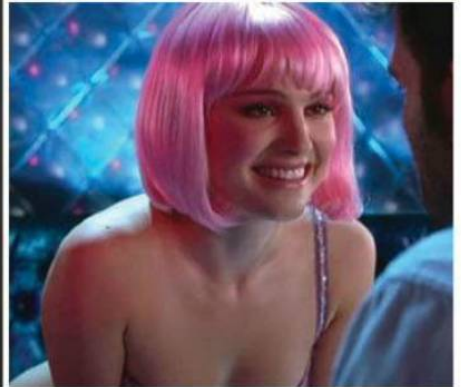
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TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

1. Which animal has 3 vaginas?

- a. Goldfish
- b. Kangaroo
- c. Giraffe

2. Arab women can ask for a divorce if their husband does not...

- a. Celebrate Valentine's Day
- b. Pour coffee for her
- c. Perform cunnilingus

3. Titanic was the first ship to

- a. Sink
- b. Use S.O.S
- c. Transport Leonardo Di Caprio

4. The mating ritual performed between flatworms is otherwise known as

- a. Carnal wormage
- b. Worm mounting
- c. Penis fencing

5. The average speed of a

man's ejaculation is

- a. 10km/h
- b. 45km/h
- c. 75km/h

6. A painkiller more powerful than morphine is present in

- a. Panadol
- b. Heroin
- c. Human saliva

7. Who were the first couple to be pictured in bed together on T.V?

- a. Wilma and Fred Flintstone
- b. Bert and Ernie
- c. Carole and Mike Brady

8. The average female orgasm lasts for...

- a. 3 seconds
- b. 15 seconds
- c. 25 seconds

9. Elvis died with what in his hands?

- a. A toilet roll

b. A book

- c. A banana, bacon and peanut butter sandwich

10. In the state of Connecticut, a pickle isn't considered a pickle unless it...

- a. Is green
- b. It bounces
- c. It's in a jar

11. Which of these porn parody titles is not real?

- a. American Booty
- b. Titty Titty Gang Bang
- c. The Italian Blowjob

12. A group of ferrets is called a...

- a. Business
- b. Company
- c. Corporation

13. John Wayne Gacy Jr is a well known

- a. Clown and serial killer
- b. Computer developer and

young entrepreneur

- c. Pogo stick champion

14. You are more likely to orgasm if...

- a. You are lying on your back
- b. The room temperature is 20 degrees or more
- c. Your feet are warm

15. The strongest creatures on Earth, that can pull 100,000 times their own body weight, are...

- a. Elephants
- b. Flu bacteria
- c. Gonorrhoea bacteria

16. One in every 2000 babies are born with...

- a. A tooth
- b. With hair on their heads
- c. With fingernails

ANSWERS: 1.b, 2.b, 3.b, 4.c, 5.b, 6.c, 7.a, 8.c, 9.b, 10.b, 11.c, 12.a, 13.a, 14.c, 15.c, 16.a

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THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS

WE PROFILE ALL THE WINNERS AND HIGHLIGHTS OF
THE AUSTRALIAN ADULT INDUSTRY AWARDS



AUBREY BLACK



DANTE ROSSI

On July 22nd at the Melbourne Sofitel, Australia's hottest and raunchiest people gathered to celebrate the Australian adult entertainment industry. The Australian Adult Industry Awards have been around since 2001, and showcase the best of the Australia's brothels, escort agencies, strippers, adult retail stores, men's bars and, of course, our proud nation's growing X-rated film industry.

Any awards show that includes categories like "best anal", "best porn star", "best fetish and fantasy provider" and "best brothel" is guaranteed to be fun. And hot. And wild. And chock-full of the best talent on display.

The adult industry awards did not disappoint. Amongst the winners were Jane Threshold, who won the award for "Best Covered Blowjob". A curvy redhead with the glasses of a naughty librarian, a few tattoos and a love of good sex, Jane is a bisexual 28-year old escort from Brisbane who specialises in good times for ladies, guys and couples. She also moonlights as a dominatrix, with an interest in kink, fetish and BDSM.

Dante Rossi, the founder and creator of Dante Entertainment, also managed to win some further accolades in 2015, after cleaning up last year with "Best strip tease agency". This year Dante took home "Best male stripper" and the "Alpha Male" award, capping off what has been an impressive year for one of the highest ranking adult entertainers in Australia.

We here at Penthouse are rather jealous of Mr Rossi's life, frankly. His agency has its fingers in many pies, providing promotional models, performers, nude models, drag artists, bikini and lingerie waitresses and award-winning show girls.

Um, Dante, could I swap lives with you, please?

Another big winner was Aubrey Black, who, like Titanic at the Academy Awards, swept all before her, taking home "Best Touring Escort", "Best Porn-Star Experience" and the "Alpha Girl" award. I really would like meet Aubrey, but so far my frequent calls have been met only with a very strictly-worded restraining order (that's obviously a joke, by the way).

"Fantasy and pleasure fulfilment is a passion of mine," says Aubrey.

"I focus on the connectivity found when two people meet, lock eyes, and focus on nothing but instinct. What follows is raw, real and anything but planned."

"Perhaps this is why I am told that what I offer is dangerously addictive." Wow.

Photographer of the year went to Hello Miss. If you haven't seen this Sydney-based photographer's work, we highly recommend you finish reading this issue of Penthouse – cover-to-cover, of course – then go to hellomiss.com.au You're welcome.

Some other favourites of ours included Australia's very own Sex Captain, Miss Lilly Medina, who won "Best Anal". Our favourite escort agency, Hush Escorts – which provides some of the best girls in the country and took out awards last year – was nominated for "Best Overall Escort Agency".

WINNER: BEST ALPHA MALE.
• BEST MALE STRIPPER •



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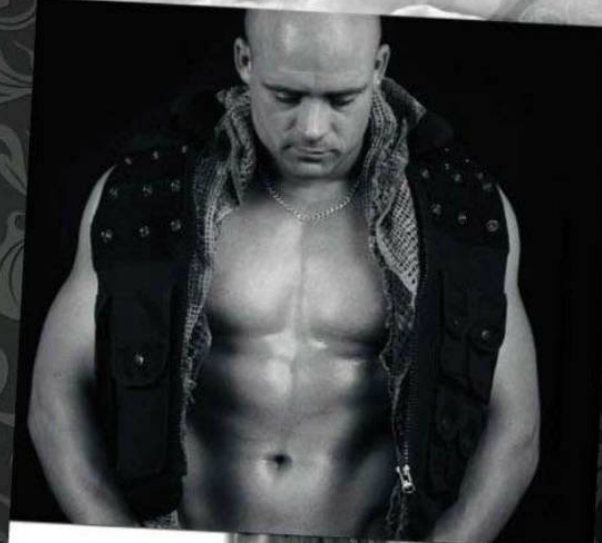
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AAIA HONOUR ROLE

ALPHA MALE
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ALPHA GIRL
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BEST ADULT
ENTERTAINMENT
VENUE
DANTE ROSSI

BEST ADULT
PARTY
BUCKBUNNIES

BEST ADULT
PARTY PLAN
NASTY SECRETS

BEST ADULT
WEBMASTER/
DEVELOPER
FOXY TRADE

BEST ADULT
WEBSITE

JAKE RYAN

BEST ANAL
MISS LILLY MEDINA

BEST AUSSIE
MALE STAR
RYAN JAMES

BEST AUSSIE
FEMALE STAR
MADISON MESSINA

BEST BROTHEL
OVERALL
SCARLETT HAREM

BEST BROTHEL
RECEPTIONIST
IVY, STUDIO 54

BEST
BURLESQUE/
BOYLESQUE
PERFORMER
JAMILLAH

BEST CHAIN OF
ADULT STORES
BE DARING ADULT
SHOPS

BEST DANCE
GROUP
PRINCES OF THE
NIGHT

BEST DFK
SUMMER KNIGHT
and HOLLY
MELBOURNE

BEST DRAG
QUEEN/KING
MAGENTA FOX

BEST ESCORT
SOLE OPERATOR
JAKE RYAN

BEST ESCORT
BOOKER
MEGAN MENDEZ

BEST ESCORT
RECEPTIONIST
ALEX, MONA LISA
MODELS

BEST ESCORT
AGENCY
MONA LISA
MODELS

BEST FEMALE
STRIPPER
MILEY RYAN

BEST HENS
PARTIES
PRINCES OF THE
NIGHT

BEST MALE
STRIPPER
DANTE ROSSI

BEST NEW
PRODUCT
OH MI BOD

AUSTRALIA

BEST ONLINE
RETAIL SHOP
BE DARING

BEST PAGEANT
MISS NUDE
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AGENCY
BUCKBUNNIES

BEST TOURING
ESCORT
AUBREY BLACK

BEST COVERED BJ
MISS JANE
THRESHOLE

BEST GFE
PROVIDER
KAREN THOMPSON

HALL OF FAME
MADISON MESSINA

PHOTOGRAPHER
OF THE YEAR
HELLO MISS

BEST PSE
PROVIDER
AUBREY BLACK

MISS JANE THRESHOLE

MISS LILLY MEDINA



BEST COVERED BJ 2015



Jane Threshold

Winner of Best Covered BJ 2015, Jane is a kinky curvy redhead based in Brisbane. Whether you'd like a sensual intimate encounter, or an intense evening of submitting to Mistress Jane's darker perversions, your time with her will be unforgettable.

Phone: 0401 949 637 (texts only) Email: jane.threshold@gmail.com

Website: janethreshold.escortfiles.com Mistress Jane: janethreshold.domfiles.com



WELCOME TO THE CLUB

When you think of our great Southern Nation, you probably think of Sydney's iconic Harbour Bridge and Opera House, or the celeb-studded shores of Bondi Beach. But on the other side of the continent, you'll find an even hotter destination—the first Australian Penthouse Club, located, of all Perth.

In fact, the club is a winner of the "International Show Club of the Year" award, the most prestigious awards in the international adult industry, making it the best gentleman's club outside the USA. Penthouse Club was up against some of the biggest names in the adult entertainment industry, including Spearmint Rhino in London, Larry Flint's Hustler Club and the Penthouse Club in Paris.

The club is so well-regarded that it regularly features the best international guests, the most recent of which was US-based pornstar Layla Sin.

Why did we choose one of the most remote major cities for the first Penthouse Club? Well, Perth was home to the wildly popular Xotica nightclub chain, so we knew it was a perfect place for us to call home.

As fate would have it, Xotica owners Derek Mason and Lilly Merendino were looking to take their brand to the next level. Teaming up with Penthouse was the ideal solution: in a well-planned, whirlwind three-week remodel, the local hotspot was transformed into a first-class entertainment venue bearing our world-famous Penthouse brand.



"A lot of people will be pleasantly surprised when they see the kind of quality our great city has been missing," says Merendino.

Mason adds, "It took months of planning and off-site manufacturing of seating, electronics, wall treatments, et cetera, to be able to put the pieces of the puzzle together so quickly."

The Penthouse Club has been decked out with luxurious details and high-tech amenities that put it in a class above the competition. One of the most innovative features is a second story skybox with privacy glass that can be turned off and on at the push of a button, so revellers inside can watch the girls on the stage below, or enjoy some clandestine action of their own. If someone wants to get a little closer to one of the club's Key Girls, the lower level offers private dances and champagne rooms (and if it seems as though gorgeous girls are simply appearing out of thin air, you can thank the club's unique fog screen).

There are two levels of VIP membership: Gold membership gets free entry, a free

guest, and a free drink. Platinum members get a ton of extra goodies, including a \$100 weekly bar card and free entry to Penthouse Clubs worldwide.

The club celebrated its grand opening in January with a kickoff party hosted by five Australian Pets of the Year: Jewell Tyler (2010), Ashlee Adams (2011), Nikita Sage (2012), Paris la Moore (2013) and Tanika West (2014). And the ladies felt right at home, having all worked as Xotica performers. Along with April 2013 Australian Pet of the Month Scarlett Morgan and the club's sexy Key Girls, the Pets welcomed guests and put on an amazing show. As an added bonus, guests had the chance to sample the new line of Penthouse wines.

The crowd was a mix of new faces and longtime Xotica regulars who were excited to see the club's transformation. Jeff Stoller, director of Global Club Licencing for Penthouse, flew in from Miami for the grand opening. He says, "Perth is a terrific city; Derek and Lilly are superb operators; the girls are beautiful. The combination is sure to provide some topflight hospitality and entertainment."

La Moore, who's worked at the venue for several years, adds that she expects customers to keep coming back for the welcoming atmosphere and top-notch service.

"They're treated like special guests," she says.

"Everyone is taken care of." 



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Exotic Dancer Awards USA



International Gentleman's
Club Of The Year





Fur is for PUSSIES

[GABI GRECKO *for* **PETA**]



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A VERY STICKY BUSINESS

AUSTRALIANS ARE ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CONSUMERS OF MARIJUANA. WE SPOKE TO SOME OF THE PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THE TRADE.
BY JAMES BRANSON

Here I am, standing in the middle of some thick bushland somewhere on the North Coast of New South Wales. My tour-guide (we'll call him Dave) is a man in his mid-fifties whose demeanour is a curious mashup of old-style Aussie outback bloke and new-age hippy.

Dave has strictly forbidden me from saying anything too specific about our location.

Suffice to say, we're in the middle of nowhere. If you gave me a map and demanded I pinpoint the region, I'd be lucky to get within 50 kilometres.

As I survey the area, I notice what I think is an oil barrel. It appears to have been left alone to nature for at least a few years, covered with moss and mud.

"Is that one?" I ask, pointing out the object.

"Aaaah, could be," says Dave, confused. He seems surprised to have stumbled upon the item.

We walk towards the barrel and open it up. The thing is full to the brim with cannabis – and not just random bits of leaf and twigs. We're talking buds here, bud.

There must be five or six kilos of the stuff.

"Shit. I'd forgotten about this one," Dave says with nowhere near the amount of appropriate shock at having just discovered around ten-thousand dollars worth of class A drugs.

He shrugs his shoulders and we start the job of shifting the barrel up to Dave's property, which is about a kilometre away.

A VERY STICKY BUSINESS

DAVE IS PART OF A GROUP OF MARIJUANA GROWERS who collectively own a large area of secluded land in NSW from which they grow copious amounts of weed.

Having seen off several police busts and semi-regular threats of extortion from local bikies, Dave and his fellow growers have been at this business for decades now.

And they're the best in the business.

There are only a few lines of work that are recession proof. Politics is one. Religion is another. The sex industry, certainly. But producing large quantities of illegal drugs has proven to be the most durable of all.

In uncertain economic times, people need to zone out.

"I've never, ever had a real job," says Dave as we look out from his balcony later that night, cans of beer in hand, joints in mouths, gazing over some of the most beautiful natural land I've ever seen. There's a river downhill that serves as Dave's swimming pool. He washes naked under his outdoor shower. He breathes the cleanest air on God's green earth.

Whichever way you look at it, Dave's got it good.

Of course, like any business, growing industrial amounts of illegal drugs in the middle of a secluded bushland has its hardships.

"There were a few tough years during the drought. That was difficult, but we've always kept a good stockpile, just in case. That barrel you found was one I'd forgotten about, actually."

Despite the easy-going demeanour and the surprising openness about his trade (just FYI, he's a close family friend, so that probably plays a part in how revealing he was with me) Dave could be described as a drug-lord, of sorts.

The big difference between him and a Mexican kingpin is the complete absence of bloodthirstiness – although Dave says he has, on two or three occasions, had to have somebody beaten up. It comes with the territory.

Dave is on the governing council of the loose consortium of ex-hippies and farmers who live in the area, and he's in charge of organising shipments of weed the group send out through a series of couriers to mid-level dealers.

Until a recent disagreement, Dave had only one person he sold to – a man associated with local biker gangs who would buy the season's harvest in its entirety.

Each farmer would contribute to the batch, which would be stored in a secluded safehouse located far, far away from Dave and his fellow farmers' properties (the group is careful not to grow or store the weed on any of their land: in case they're raided by the cops, it gives plausible deniability).

Dave would let his contact know when the batch was at its location, and a few weeks later a suitcase full of cash would mysteriously find its way to him. The money would then be divided up between the consortium's members, who would spend the next few months in a stoned-out, cashed up bliss.

Eventually, however, the bikies decided the deal wasn't worth it any longer.

"Weed isn't really that profitable," Dave explained.

"When you compare the amount of effort that goes into growing it, storing it – and, most importantly, moving it – to other drugs... it's probably one of the least profitable drugs you can deal."

Look at it in pure economics, because the drug trade is like any other market. An ounce of marijuana has a street value of around \$250–\$300, depending on where you've bought it. Contrast that with cocaine, which in Australia fetches \$300–\$350 a gram, depending on whether you want good stuff or a bag of laundry powder.

Put simply, a truckload of weed is way less profitable, far more difficult to move and (this is the important bit when it comes to the bikies) far less addictive.

Dave's contact demanded a price cut that would have put him and his fellow farmers in the dole queue. After a lengthy back-and-forth negotiation that involved some extortion on the gang's part – they demanded a monthly cash payment – Dave and co wrangled a deal in which they were given all the contacts for the mid-level dealers.

Which means life isn't as easy as it used to be. Or as safe. Instead of a single contact, the farmers must now deal with a large number of local dealers and couriers, who instead of buying their drugs in the hundreds of kilos, now purchase in pounds.

It's a pain in the ass, and has proved problematic for Dave's state of mind.

"It's so much riskier. I've taken a drive into town with at least a few pounds in the car five or six times over the last month. I don't like it, but that's life, really. Hopefully someone else will take up the

slack, because I'm getting over it."

Dave has tried to quit weed several times over the last few years, but when you're literally surrounded by the stuff on a daily basis, that can be difficult. He's even begun taking courses in hypnotherapy, hoping to start a business in the nearby town helping people quit cigarettes or lead more fulfilling sex lives.

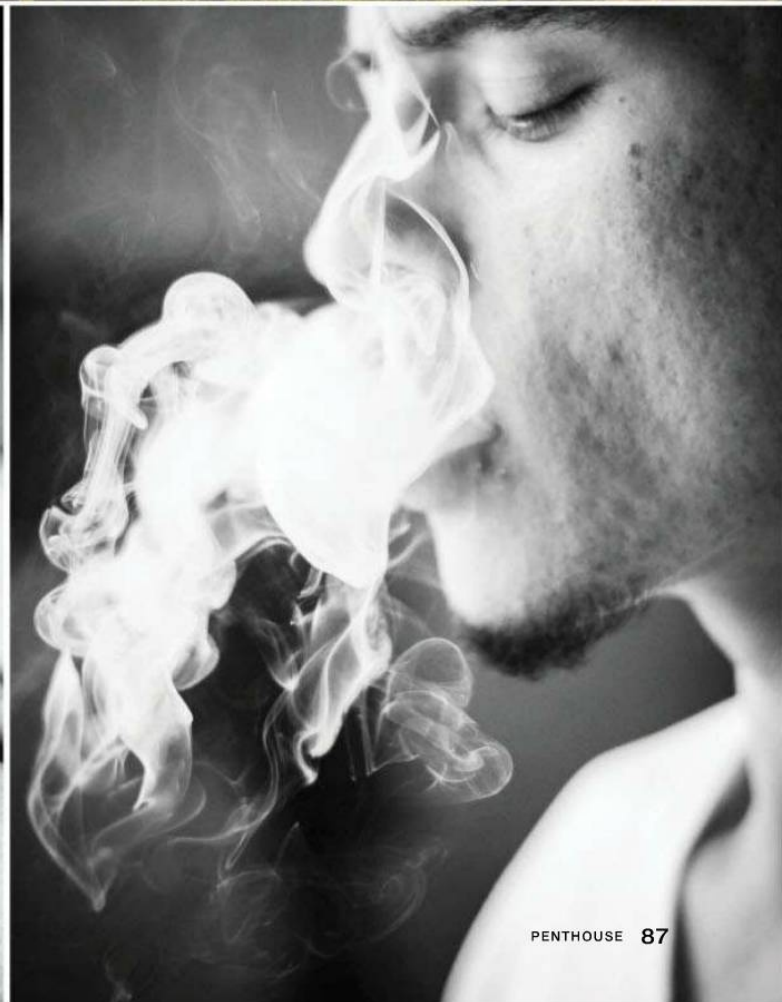
It's not the first time he's given a more regular lifestyle a shot. Although he seems never to get very far with alternatives to the drug-dealing lifestyle. And who can blame him, really? When you reside in heaven and live the high life, it can be difficult to deal with the everyday realities us worker bees have to face.

Dave has a stack of unfinished attempts at integrating into normal society. He got halfway through an audio-engineering degree in the seventies. Firefighting in the eighties. For a while during the nineties he had an organic food stall he'd take to markets.

But, like it does with its millions of users – like it did with me from the ages of 18–27 – marijuana kept calling him back.

So every day, Dave hikes a few kilometres from his house and carefully tends to his plantation.

6
**DESPITE THE EASY-GOING
DEMEANOUR AND THE
SURPRISING OPENESS
ABOUT HIS WORK,
DAVE COULD BEST BE
DESCRIBED AS A DRUG-
LORD, OF SORTS**
9





A VERY STICKY BUSINESS

JAMES SITS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS BEDROOM smoking endless bongos and talking about the cops. He says he's not worried, but his voice gives away a sense of paranoia. It's probably the dexamphetamine he took a few hours ago to keep from drifting off to sleep after a weekend-long bender that involved the consumption of a cocktail of uppers and downers: five MDMA caps, one gram of cocaine, at least ten joints, probably fifty bongos, uncountable amounts of beer and at least thirty nangs.

Nangs, for those of you who aren't aware, are bulbs of nitrous oxide gas. They're totally legal, and you can even buy them at your local service station – their stated use is creating whipped cream or carbonated drinks.

But most people use them to get high. You pump the bulb into a balloon until it's full of gas, inhale, then roll around on the floor laughing for the next minute or so. James reckons he took at least thirty of them last night.

"Fucked up," is how he described the last few days.

James makes his money selling an assortment of drugs from his Redfern, Sydney home, but the bulk of his trade comes from selling small to medium sized amounts of weed. And not the naturally grown stuff that Dave farms out in the bush. James' stuff is the stickiest hydro available.

Hydro, just in case you're a clean-living Christian or a straight edge crossfit addict, is marijuana grown using hydroponic methods. This usually involves tending to the plants under lights and using all sorts of chemicals to make sure the product gives the user an intense buzz.

When those hippies from the sixties talk about marijuana being a lot stronger these days, they're not lying. Hydroponic weed is many times more potent than cannabis grown in the ground.

Whilst naturally grown marijuana will give you a mellow high, hydro tends to bring on one of two side effects: maniacal laughter and a feeling of mental openness and creativity, or existential terror and constant questioning of reality.

Hydro is most often made in city-based garages. The equipment required to set up a decent operation can be bought for a few hundred bucks, and all the information required to start growing reasonably large quantities of the stuff is available online. Which is why James is a bit worried about the cops, because in his garage, that is exactly what he's been up to.

About a month ago he decided the risk he was taking in dealing small quantities of drugs to a large amount of people just wasn't worth the risk, so he reached under his bed, opened the shoebox full of cash he keeps there and bought himself a bunch of lights and a hydroponic watering system.

He now tends to ten plants, and is hoping to make serious money by becoming a supplier. "I don't want to have so many people knocking on my door. It's making me a bit paranoid,

and I'd prefer to just have a few guys I can give a pound each to. Makes life a lot easier," he told me.

AUSTRALIANS HAVE A VORACIOUS APPETITE FOR marijuana. Consider the way we consume it: most committed potheads smoke from a bong, and the vast majority of the world's stoners take a minute or so to smoke one bong, giving it a few inhalations, Australians do it all in one hit.

I've seen tourists look on in wonderment as Aussie stoners inhale superhuman quantities of the stuff.

Consider that Jamaicans, citizens of the nation most typically stereotyped as having a weed-loving culture, smoke less Marijuana per capita than Australians.

In fact, approximately 10.6% of Australians smoke weed on the regular, according to the United Nations World Drug Report (curiously, New Zealand is beating us, coming in at 14.6%, whilst the clear winner is Papua New Guinea, destroying the field with a whopping 29.5%).

If you widen the survey to include those of us who have consumed cannabis in the past year, a whopping 1 million Australians have gotten high at least once.

For the most part, nobody really cares. The cops certainly don't, with arrest rates for cannabis consumption having fallen significantly. Most states have adopted a "harm minimisation" policy that involves giving people caught with small to medium quantities of weed official warnings.

In practise, unless you walk up to a cop in the street and blow smoke into his face, the constable is going to look the other way. As James and I took a walk through the streets of Redfern he pointed out two terrace houses on the same street. One was the house of a well known Ice and Heroin

dealer, and had been raided by the police on a semi-regular basis for the last six months. A few houses up was a local weed dealer's place. Everyone, including the cops, know about it. But they leave the place alone, because nobody cares about potheads. All they do is sit around, play video games and eat Doritos.

THERE IS, HOWEVER A REAL THREAT TO PEOPLE LIKE Dave and James, who each make a reasonable living out of the drug trade.

"Legalisation would be a disaster," says Dave. "Just look at what's happening in America."

A number of states in the USA have legalised marijuana, and it's completely destroyed the traditional, black-market drug dealing business. In those states, selling marijuana has become a government regulated industry. There are even apps you can download to order home-delivery. You can pick your strain. It's become a legitimate business.

So while Dave, James and others involved in the growth and distribution of marijuana might live with an ever-present prospect of arrest and prosecution, what they really fear is something else entirely: legalisation. ☹️

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**THE POLICE DON'T REALLY
CARE ABOUT USERS.
UNLESS YOU WALK ON
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LOOK THE OTHER WAY**
”



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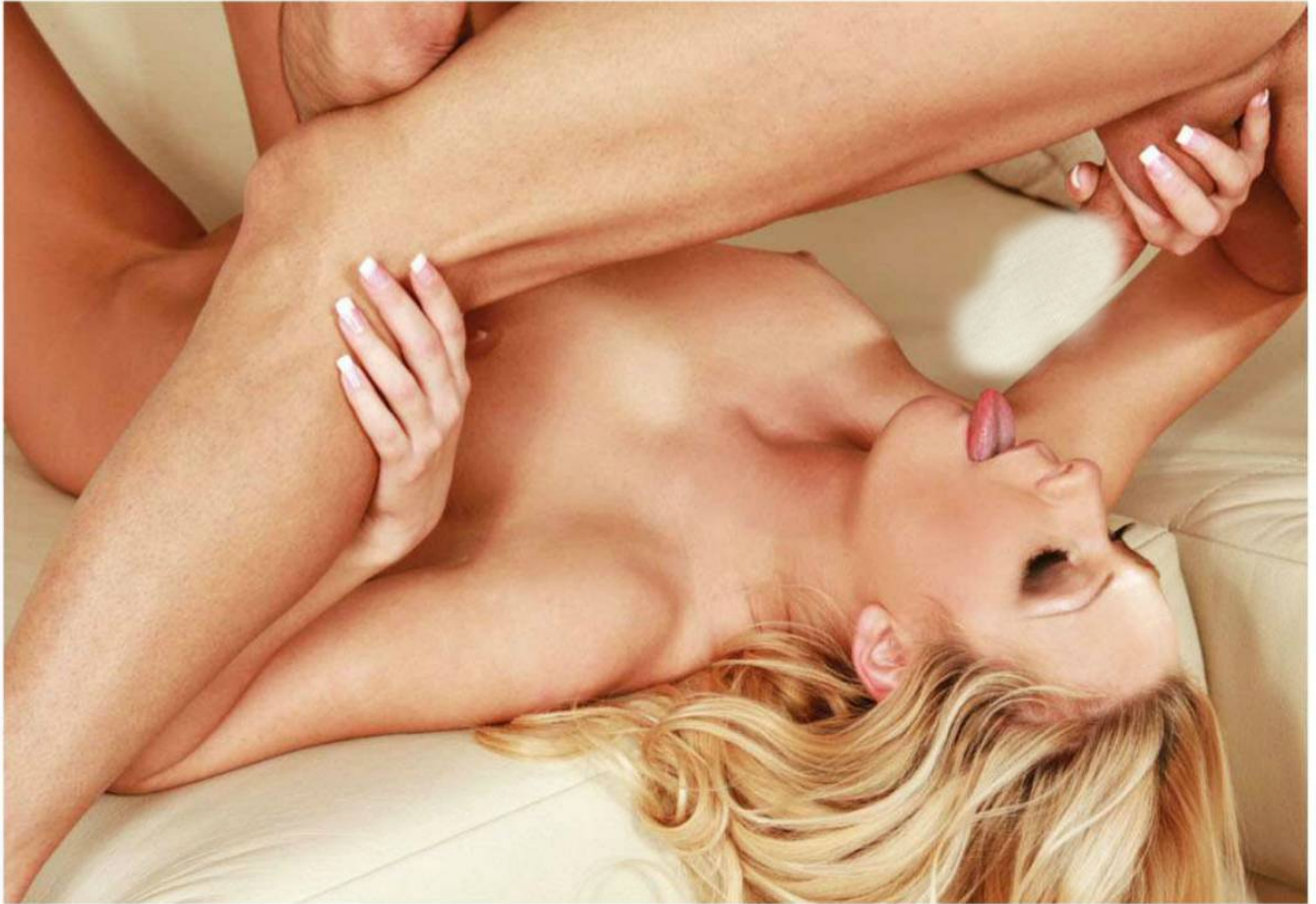


HUNGRY FOR IT

JORDAN DOESN'T HAVE TIME FOR
ROMANCE...

















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CAR WASH ANTICS

Four minutes. That's how long Lou gave me to get myself off. While it was not uncommon for him to issue ultimatums of a sexual nature or to get me riled up in public, on this occasion he proved to be particularly inventive.

After an otherwise mundane dinner date, he pulled the car into the car wash three blocks from his apartment and I could only throw him a confused look. He gave me smirk, "I have a job for you."

I raised my eyebrow and let him continue. "If you can get yourself off before the end of the wash, when we get home I'll fuck you so hard you'll be sore for a week."

Even as I felt blood rush immediately to my pussy at his suggestion, I laughed in his face. "Weren't you planning to do that anyway?"

"I was going to, yeah. But now, if you don't come in time, I won't fuck you at all."

He reached over and kneaded my thigh that was left exposed by my short dress, reminding me of how quickly my body reacted to his touch, whether it be gentle or demanding. I bit my lip in response, ready to play along if only to ensure he would give me his cock later that night. I had no doubt that he would deny me if I failed to rise to the challenge, not caring if he had to suffer as well. His patience and self-control were a few of his best qualities, but they also drove me insane since I lacked both when we were together.

"Any other rules? Or I just need to come before this is done?" I was already shifting in my seat as he paid the car wash worker and drove slowly to the garage entrance. Truthfully, I love when he lays down rules for me to follow during sex. Something about following orders, no matter how simple, never fails to get me off. I wasn't sure what would help me come faster, more or less guidelines.

Once on the tracks with the machine guiding his car, Lou looked over at me, his hand still on my thigh. "No rules, just come."

I ungracefully jerked off my seatbelt and reached up to pull off my panties quicker

than you could say 'hungry little slut.' Lou let out a low chuckle as he watched, enjoying himself already. With one foot on the dashboard, I dove in with gusto, getting two fingers slick with my juices before rubbing them furiously over my clit. The air on my bare pussy felt like a crisp, cool wave crashing over a burning hot beach and I spread my thighs furtive to feel more of it.

Lou, with his deep-set brown eyes taking in the show I was putting on, started to strain in his jeans in an instant. I reached over with my free hand to stroke his erection, loving his hardness under my palm and the mental image of him sinking it into my folds once we got home. To add fuel to

‘

THE THOUGHT OF LOU AND ONE OF THESE WORKERS CLAIMING EVERY HOLE ON MY BODY MADE ME TINGLE

,

the fire currently building, I conjured up a memory of us fucking on an old couch in his uncle's basement during a recent family gathering. It had been fast and nasty, just how we needed it sometimes. His hand had covered my mouth to keep me quiet as I rode him with abandon in a race to get off, until his milky come had spread itself inside my walls and I practically jumped out of my skin from the force of my orgasm.

Gasping at the memory, I glanced out the window while jerking myself at a frantic pace. The initial rinse was over and we were moving through the soap dispensers. I already felt like I was running out of time and the damn thing had just started. I removed my hand from my pussy and shifted over to straddle Lou, who greeted me with glee. Grabbing my wrist he ran his tongue once swiftly over my damp fingers before guiding them into my mouth to share the goodness.

Normally I love playing around at a leisurely

pace, but I didn't have any time to waste. Freeing myself from his grasp, I returned my hand to my pussy under my dress, shoving two curled fingers into my entrance to stroke my g-spot as I let out a breathy moan. Lou, unable to help himself, began kissing my neck and squeezing my arse as my hips jerked forward against my hand. Fingers back on my clit, I resumed my earlier pace, determined to get it done, no matter what. But... it just wasn't enough, I needed something more. I groaned in frustration as Lou lovingly nibbled on my throat. I reached up, shrugging off a tiny sleeve of my dress to expose one breast, now covered by just a thin layer of lace.

Lou's mouth met my nipple over the fabric, lapping at it like a faithful hound, trying to help me out however he could, knowing the consequences for both of us if I didn't finish in time. I felt my orgasm building as my breathing grew heavier and hotter against his tan skin. The wetness coating my pussy and fingers made an obscenely loud sound as I practically slapped the tender flesh to induce my release. Lou brought his mouth to mine, forcing his tongue between my lips, stealing even more of my limited air. When I saw the bright light of the sun stream into the car, I knew we were in trouble. But even as his car shifted off the tracks, I couldn't bring myself to care. I was almost there.

Two men came over to towel dry the car and I locked eyes with one, offering a bold smile, which he returned. Lou knew where we were, who was watching, and I think he cared less than I did as he resumed sucking on my neck. He was circling his hips, grinding against my thighs as if he was fucking me already. When I slowed down, Lou growled at me, "Don't stop, I know you're close."

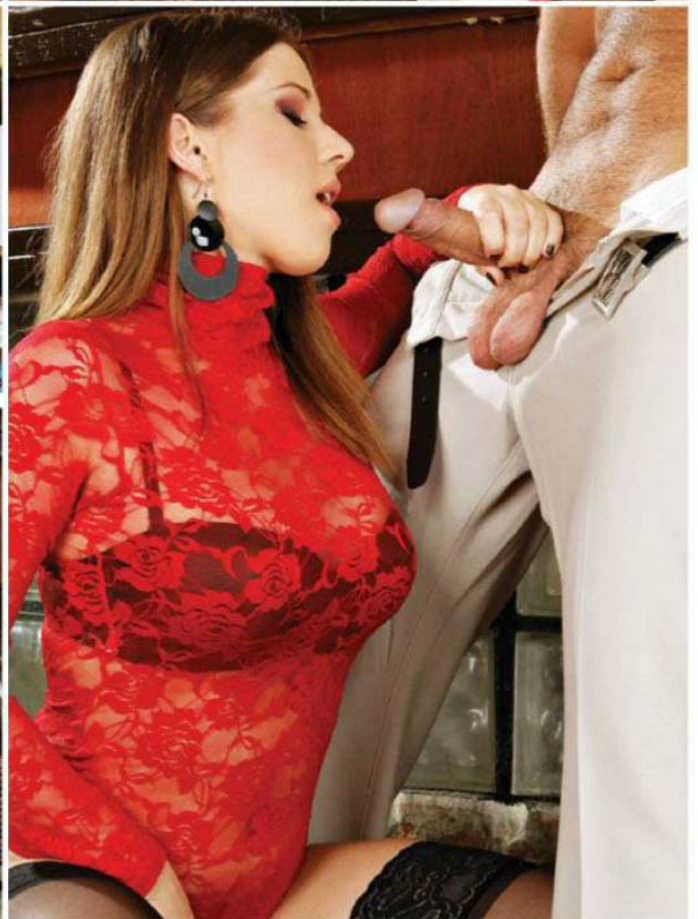
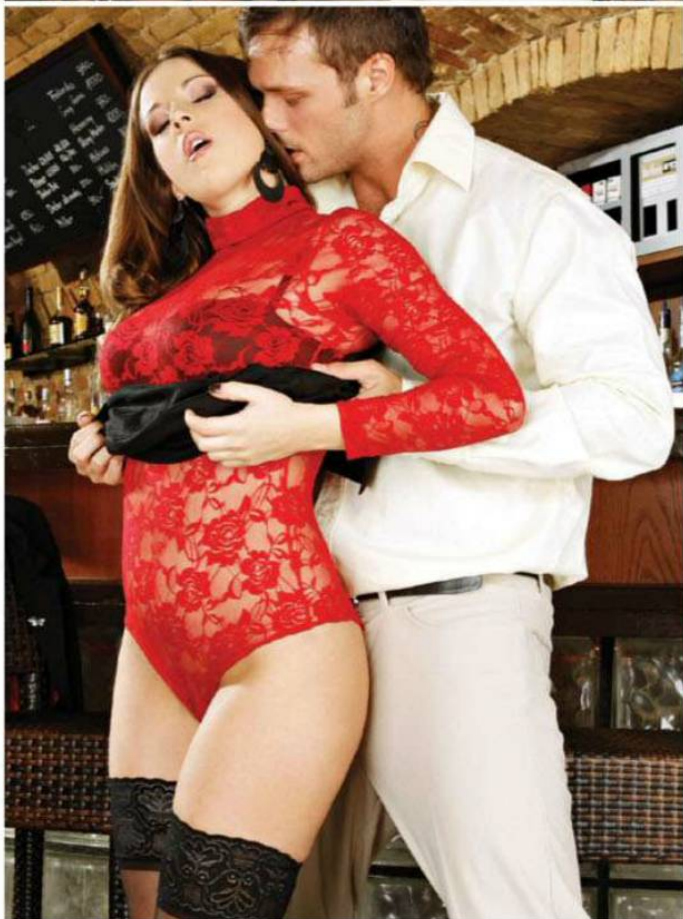
"Lou?"

"Hmm?" He bit down on my nipple through my bra and my fingers were back to working overtime.

"This still counts as part of the wash, right?"

"Yeah, baby, it counts."

Good. I jerked my hips harder against my hand and watched the men drying our car



watch me, their eyes on my body making me clench and whine in increased arousal. I wasn't very much exposed; one breast still tucked in my dress, the other covered by my bra, my bare cunt and arse unseen under my dress. Still, there was no doubt about what was happening.

As they buffed the car, I know they heard my moans of pleasure through the glass and the way their eyes discreetly, but obviously roamed over our display gave me the encouragement I needed. I wanted to get fucked... hard, which meant I needed to come, soon. I brought my slicked up fingers further back between my thighs to circle my tight arsehole, teasing myself. The thought of Lou and maybe one or both of these workers claiming every hole on my body made me tingle with lusty need.

I felt my pussy flexing around nothing, feeling so empty without Lou's cock or a dildo or my fingers to suck deeper inside me as I came. Still, with my fingers back on my clit, I came nonetheless, gasping against Lou's neck, nails of one hand digging into the headrest, Lou's long fingers leaving dark imprints on my thighs. Lou held to me for a moment as I came down and then whispered in my ear, almost as breathless as I was, "Good girl."

I mumbled out a 'thank you' and when I flopped back into my own seat again, the men were applying a coat of wax, still smiling at me in appreciation. I momentarily forgot about Lou for a second when one of the guy's caught my eye and grinned. I wanted to grab him by the shirt, drag him into the car and have the pair of them fuck me. Just the thought of that make me want to come on the spot!

I looked back at Lou. His eyes, dark with need, were also focused entirely on me. I almost felt bad he hadn't gotten to come yet. Almost. This was his game, after all.

The wax buffed away, my breath returned, Lou rolled down his window and handed each of the men a \$20 note. One of them, the one who had been watching me so intently laughed as he took the money. "I feel like I should be tipping you guys for that."

I mustered the energy to smack Lou's arm and jerked my chin at the guy. Lou understood instantly and nodded his agreement, reaching in his pocket to pull out a business card. "You can thank my girl anytime. Just give me a call and I'll set it up."

I winked at my new friend and his lip disappeared between his teeth. "Yeah, I just might do that."

Lou serious as ever, interrupted our flirtation. "One rule, though."

"Oh, yeah? What's that, my man?"

"I always get to watch."



He laughed, but nodded, his eyes still on me. I didn't break our eye contact, but reached over to put my hand on Lou's cock. "What's your name, baby?"

"Jaylen. And you sweetheart?"

"Leia."

"Pretty name for a pretty lady."

"Mmm, thank you." I stroked Lou over his jeans, still focused on Jaylen. I was still so horny from fucking Lou but imagining Jaylen fucking me on the hood of our car really set me off. I blushed and could feel myself start to slick up again.

"You should definitely call Lou, soon. But we gotta go," I teased.

"Oh, I will." Jaylen let out a muffled groan of frustration before walking away. Lou cupped my face and seared a possessive kiss on my lips. He didn't mind sharing, but I was never to forget who owned me.

"Mmm, take me home, Lou."

He did. And I got my reward.

— L.J, Port Douglas, Qld.

DOUBLE THE FUN

I loved these nights; out dancing with my girlfriends, getting loose, letting out all the stress of the week, and feeling really free. My husband; my caring, protective, hardworking husband is a great man, but a bit of a dork if I'm honest. He was already asleep on the couch and the kids were in bed, so I was free to enjoy my night out dancing with the girls.

After we arrived at the club and inhaled several cocktails, I could feel my inhibitions slip away and I was ready to dance. The

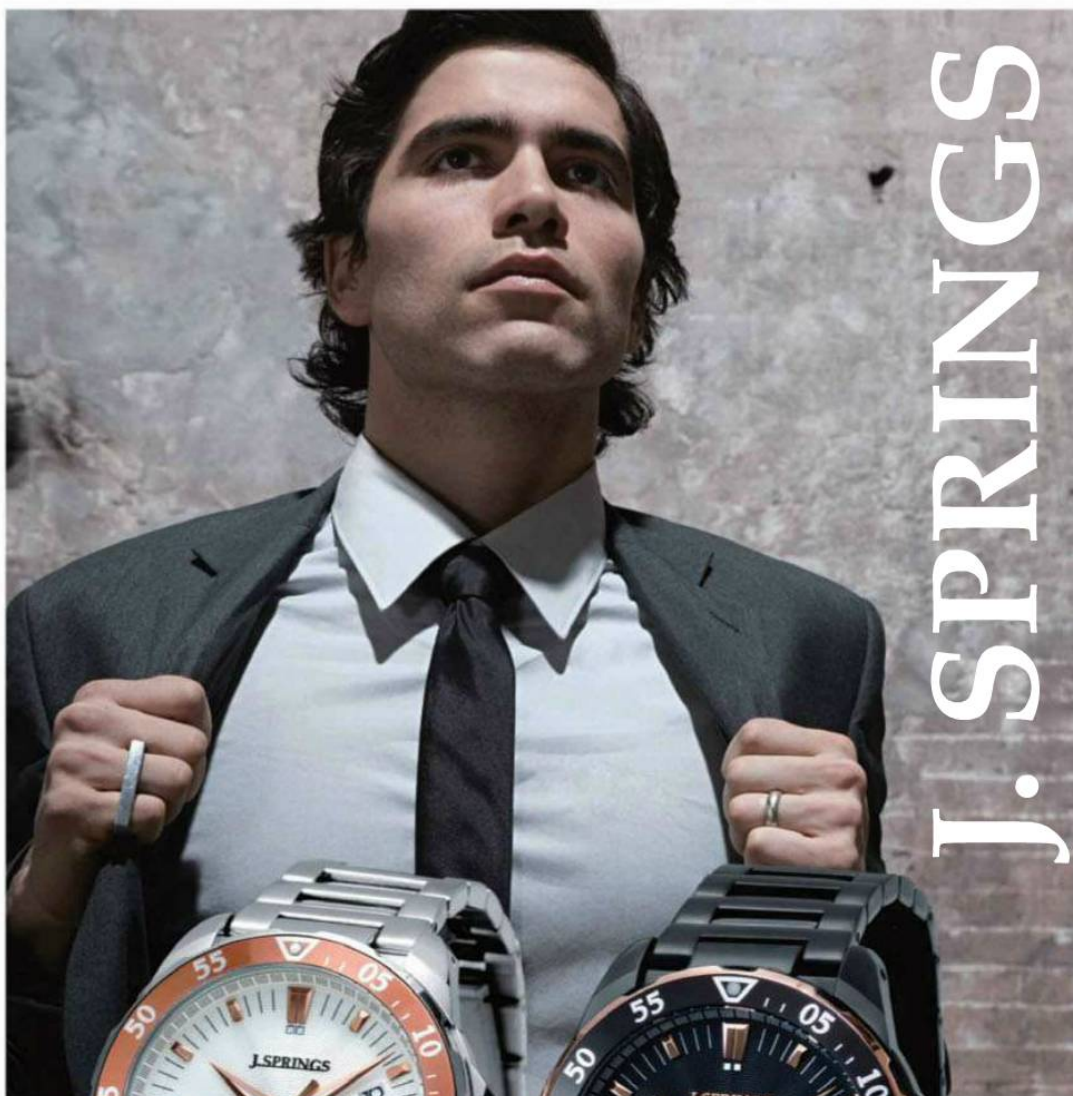
girls and I made our way to the dance floor and started to get our groove on. I loved all the attention I was getting. My tight jeans and tight top, my arse twisting and turning, my long blonde hair and bubble butt were like a neon sign to the men in the club.

As the dance floor began to get more crowded, the sexy sharks started to circle. Two men particularly were watching, and dancing, with me; Rick, taller, broader shouldered, medium dark skinned; and Tom, shorter but thicker somehow in the chest. They took turns dancing with me, and I laughed to myself, wondering if I could have both or if I'd have to choose.

At times they both danced with me, one in front, one in back. Rick was grinding against my front, his cock visibly stiffened in his jeans, pressed against my belly, too high for my crotch, but I felt it and enjoyed it; Tom though, Tom was grinding my arse and right against my arsehole, right against all that sensitivity, and he felt enormous, I knew he was much bigger, they both were, than my husband.

I could almost read Tom's mind as he pressed against my arse. I knew he was thinking "I bet this girl has never been fucked in the arse, I bet her husband has never had the nerve, I bet he has no idea what it would be like to fuck her in the arse."

I laughed a bit to myself about how wrong he was. I was a girl who knew the joys of anal fucking and my husband did do it well, thank you very much. But this only made me needier, more wanton, and more inclined to grind back at him, and make him need more than ever the release of penetrating, pumping and ejaculating in me.



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Another drink, more dancing, more grinding, my nipples now erect with desire, and a walk to the back for a pee. Coming out of the bathroom, Rick greets me as if he were waiting for me. Was this a coincidence? I bite my lip and grin as he takes my hands and leads, drawing me into one of the rooms.

I thought about my husband at home and felt guilty for a moment. But I mean, how bad would it be to mess around a bit after the dancing we had done, simulated sex it was really? But a part of me knew it wasn't going to be just messing around if I had my way...

Rick's hands now went to my waist, around me, down to my arse, grabbing, pulling me to him, and kissing me, kissing me so hard with a tongue that seemed to be fucking my mouth, a long, thick, hard tongue, promising more of the same. Even as I kissed him, I was shaking my head at my bad behaviour. I should have felt more guilty but all I wanted was to wrap my lips around Rick's big cock which I could feel was about to burst through his jeans.

I dropped to my knees, I had to see his hard meat up close. I freed his cock from his jeans and immediately swirled my tongue on its lemon-sized head, licking up and down its shaft as long as a ruler, taking each of his balls into my mouth.

With his dark large hands on my head of blonde curly hair, he was now guiding me back to his cock-head and my mouth over it, as I inhaled, taking it to the back of my throat. He groaned as I let my mouth relax, letting his cock plunge deeper and deeper into my throat. I started to move my head back and forward, encouraging him to thrust into my mouth. I sucked with all my might, my eyes watering, until I heard his raspy groan and his knees buckle and then the spurts, one two three four, each larger than the previous... straight down my throat.

With my husband that would be the end, but Rick was younger, more powerful, and that black dick in my mouth barely softened at all as I drew myself back and off it and then felt his hands under my shoulders, the pressure in the other direction, lifting me up but then, more domineering, more physical controlling, turning me at the same time, turning me around to bend me over the table, and I went with it, allowed myself to be turned and bent because I was a woman with a wet pussy and he was a man with a hard cock and this is what life was, being a woman taken by a man who had to have it.

I nearly came on the spot when he whispered into my ear, "Baby, you know I am going to touch you in places you have never been touched, and make you feel

things you have never felt."

I knew it was true but I couldn't resist any longer. I turned and bent and with trembling hands unbuttoned my own jeans and pulled down the front of them even as he pulled down the back of them over my curvy ass, down to my slightly bent knees where they came to a rest. Then he pushed his foot against me to spread my legs as far wide as those soaking wet panties would let them, stepping in between my thighs and using one hand to press the small of my back down a bit further, needing a better angle. I then felt two hands pull apart my arse cheeks and the tip of his hot cock come up and under and into my swampy wetness; up and down the length of my slit, pressing hard now against my clit, and then away from it. I was sad to lose its pressure from my clit but now the pressure was on my lips, my inner lips now, stretching them.

I was wet enough to slowly ease him in, but I hadn't ever been stretched this wide, not even those times with the big toy. He hesitated at my opening before thrusting deep inside me with one swift movement.

"Oh god," I said, as it kept entering and entering inch after inch after inch, deeper

I FELT A COCK BEING PRESSED AGAINST ME FROM BEHIND - IT WAS TOM FROM THE DANCEFLOOR

than I'd ever felt, until his pelvis slammed my arse and I felt as if that lemon sized dick-head was now in my abdomen, as I lay against the cool table top and screamed, "Oh my god, oh my god," and then I knew I had to grab on. I grabbed onto the table edge out in front of me and held on for dear life as he pumped, slammed and grunted.

His cock head was not just in my belly now but also thrusting against the front of my pussy's tunnel wall, that most sensitive place, and touched me in places I had never been touched. I was feeling things I had never felt, and I screamed louder and louder and didn't care who heard it.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!"

The fucking went on and on and I felt like I was being fucked all night and I knew people in the club or going to the rest room might hear me and I knew my girlfriends might hear and I didn't care I was being fucked in

my pussy with a giant cock that wasn't my husband's and I didn't care who knew it. It didn't take long before I began coming and coming and shuddering so hard, so hard that the pressure on his cock was too great and he was coming too, shooting his seed and sperm deep, so deep, into me.

My orgasm was amazing, stunning, overwhelming, but I was a three orgasm a night girl, and I knew from the way Rick's cock was quickly deflating, receding, departing me that there was no more coming from him. I was still recuperating myself, still leaning forward, still grabbing the table, still feeling the afterglow of that fuck, while slowly beginning to recognize the wanton appearance of the position I was in and the picture it presented, me bent over arse and juicy pussy and his cum mixed with me juices running down me inner thighs.

I started to think I ought to get up, I ought to really, what if someone walked in, what if people walking had stopped to watch and this is what they were seeing, when there it was - another hardness being pressed from behind. I arched my back to look over my shoulder and then I smiled. It was Tom from the dancefloor. I grinner and spread my legs wider, encouraging him to have a turn.

Tom's big dick slipped right into my pussy with nearly no resistance at all, Rick having stretched me out so thoroughly, and while it felt good- god it did feel good- I started to think I needed something more, I needed to again feel invaded, I needed to be even nastier than I had already been if that were possible, and clearly Tom was thinking the same, retracting his cock, now entirely lubricated with me juices and Rick's come, and I heard him whisper as much to himself as me, "That is a sweet pussy, but I don't like fucking in someone else's cum, and besides, I bet I can give you something you never had before, something you didn't know you were missing, something you will learn to love like you never thought you could."

I thought to myself perhaps I should correct his misunderstanding, but I knew what a thrill he was probably having in his belief that he was taking my anal virginity, that he was deflowering my tight arse with his thick cock, and then even if I had wanted to say something all other thoughts went out of me head as me complete and utter concentration became focused on me tight anal opening now being invaded by Tom's thick cock.

"Oh my god!" I gasped and groaned, squeezing the table edge as I forced myself to relax my arse and control what couldn't easily be controlled; the opening of my own arse for a stranger's huge steel hard hot



cock. But I could, I had to, I had to have it, I had to be this man's woman, I had to have my butt plugged with this man who only minutes ago had been grinding so hard against this same opening.

Lubed up with pussy juice and come, his cock came into me, the head penetrating past my ring, and then the shaft, deeper, one inch, then a second, then I felt myself opening wider as it came another two inches, faster now, and another two, another two, and then it was in all the way, and I screamed, "Oh my god, you are so fucking deep in my arse. Oh my god it is so big, it is so hard it is so hot, oh my god it is so good!" Again, I knew maybe I could be heard outside that room but that didn't matter nothing mattered other than the feeling of this man's huge cock buried in my arse.

Then he began pumping, first slowly and then harder, and now the only sounds I could grunt out was the single simple syllable "yes, yes, yes, YES," louder and louder, again able to be heard throughout the club perhaps.

He leaned over and grunted to me, "I knew you'd love this, I knew when I was grinding your arse on the dance floor you'd love my cock inside your arse, you'd love me to do what your husband hasn't ever done."

I responded "yes, yes, yes, yes, damn it yes," and I couldn't believe how hard and how fast he could pump me arse, it was like a pussy to him, all the while his strong hands grabbing my arse cheeks and pulling them apart with each deep thrust so that he could enter as far as absolutely possible.

In this position, my clit was grinding itself on the table top, and I started to feel myself come with a spasm and a shudder and then it felt like I would never stop; spasming and shuddering into god knows how many orgasms, and still Tom kept pumping my arse, still he kept invading deeply me anal passage, still he kept touching me in places me husband had never been able to touch me, and still I cried out still louder "yes, yes, fuck my arse" loud enough for the whole world to hear.

Then I knew he was ready, he had needed this since the grinding, and I told him what I wanted and what I knew he wanted to hear, "Come in my arse, please," and I squeezed my anal passage with a control I didn't know I had and he groaned and then there it was, he was shooting his spunk deep into me darkest hole, shooting and groaning before collapsing on top of me.

As I headed out the exit with my girlfriends, a little sore between my legs but with a huge and satisfied smile on my face, they didn't waste any time in wanting to know where I'd been all night.

– P.M, Collingwood,

TOTAL DOMINATION

I stepped into the room and shivered with anticipation. Mistress DeVille's dungeon was decked out in lush, heavy curtains and beautifully ornate ruby rugs.

"Onto your knees, slave," she commanded, in a tone deceptively sweeter than the words coming out.

I complied. It was my first time seeing an actual dominatrix, but I already knew I wanted to obey Mistress DeVille as well as I could. We had just finished what she referred to with a devilish smile as "negotiating"—that is, talking about my limits and safewords before the scene. Now I was on my knees on the floor in her dungeon. What had I gotten myself into?

My heart raced with a thrilling mix of excitement and fear, but I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

Mistress DeVille was drop-dead gorgeous.

She was a little taller than me in her shiny black high-heeled boots, and had perfectly messy scarlet curls. Her tiny waist was complimented by a tight black corset, and her luscious tits were almost spilling out the top of her lacy bra.

She kicked me to the ground and settled herself into a huge chair in front of me. She lifted her feet off the ground and let her boots rest on my shoulders. I sat on the ground in front of her, trying to look up her tight skirt. "Eyes down or I'll whip you," she warned.

I could sense her moving around in her throne-like chair. I kept my eyes trained on her feet for fear of punishment. Oh my god. She was touching herself. This was the hottest thing I could ever remember happening to me. I practically held my breath, putting all my effort into staring at the ground, as she got herself off. I could hear how wet she was as her fingers slipped

in and out of herself. Her aroused moans had me rock hard. I desperately wanted to taste her. Mistress DeVille came quickly, touching herself with skill I knew my hands didn't have. I thought my cock was going to burst when she wiped her wet hand me.

"Oh Mistress," I whispered, "I would do anything to fuck you."

"To what?" She pulled her feet out of my reach before teasing my balls with the heel of one of her boots, laughing like I had just told her a funny joke.

"NEVER gonna happen. Are we clear?"

I whimpered.

I felt an enormous sense of relief as she removed her foot from my nuts, which was only slightly dimmed by the surprise of a stinging pain as she slapped me in the face.

"Stand up," she ordered, and I did. She tossed me my clothes, my cheeks flaming with embarrassment. "Now what should I do with you..."

— J.L., Summer Hill, NSW.





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SIZE 10
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EYES Dark Brown
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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

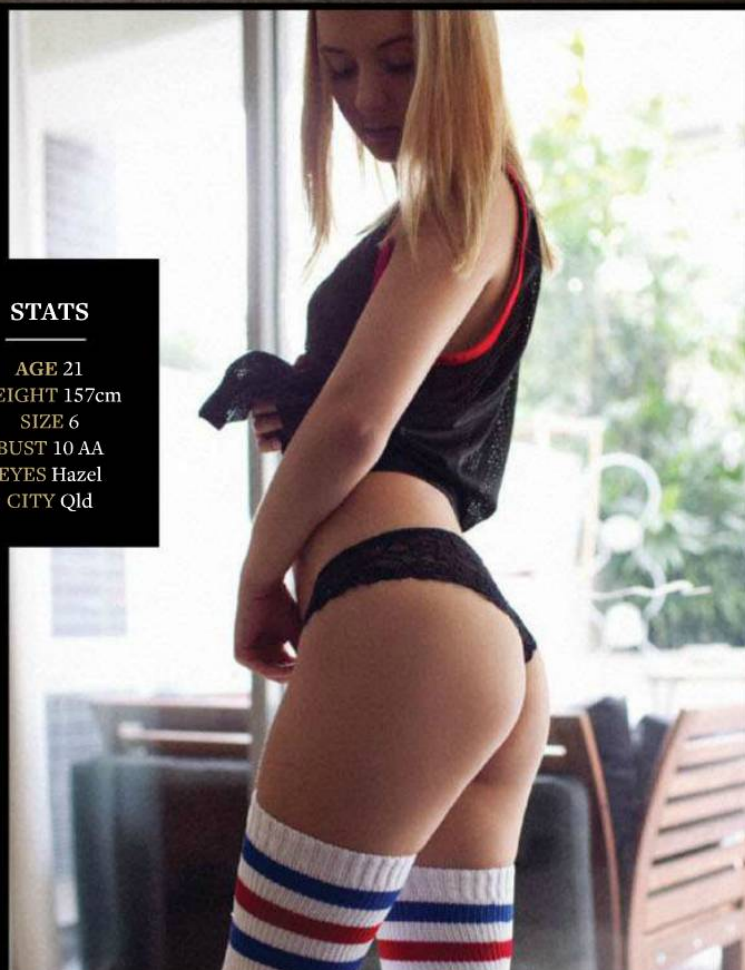
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